The '02 Cardinal

1901

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Pine Bluff, Ark.,6/23/47

Dear Mr. Good:

Thank you very much for the papers. This gives me all I need for sending out.

I note with interest what you say about the Cardinal I sent. I believe these facts will clear up your troubles. In 1901 Dick Barton, a Junior, was Editor in Chief. He was to graduate in 1902. In some way they got their dates mixed and called this the 1902 Cardinal.

You will note the next year that Elbert Clark was Editor in Chief and he called his issue 1902. So that gave us two Cardinals dated 1902. I went to the University in the Fall of 1899. The following June since I did not drill I got a "Discharge" so that I went home before the Cardinals came and never acquired one for that year. I am sure one was published that year (1900). I did get however, one for the next three years. I would like to keep the 1903 cardinal but if you need the Clark, 1902 book will be glad to send it along. If you will check these class dates you will see that I am correct.

Dick Barton, Editor, 1901 Cardinal Class 1902,
Elbert Clark, " 1902 " " 1903
C. W. Gray " 1903 " " 1904.

Trusting that this will clear up the mistery and with thanks and best regards.

Sincerely yours,

J. L. Longino.

President J. L. Buchanan.

VOLUME
FOUR

THE

CARDINAL

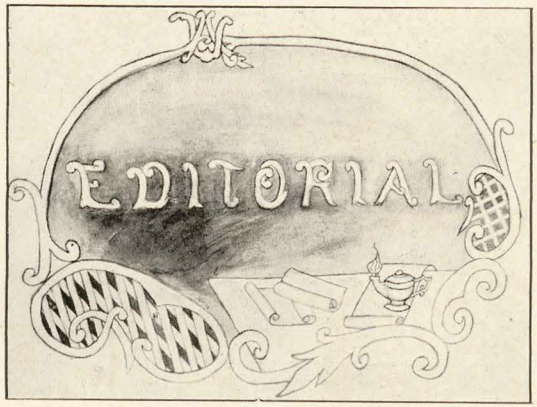
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE JUNIOR CLASS ASSISTED BY REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS OF THE COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT

CLASS
'02

DEDICATION

To the outgoing Seniors, for their great efforts toward the prosperity of our last year's CARDINAL, and also as a token of remembrance of those who will next year tread in their footsteps, the '02 editors dedicate this, the fourth volume of the CARDINAL.



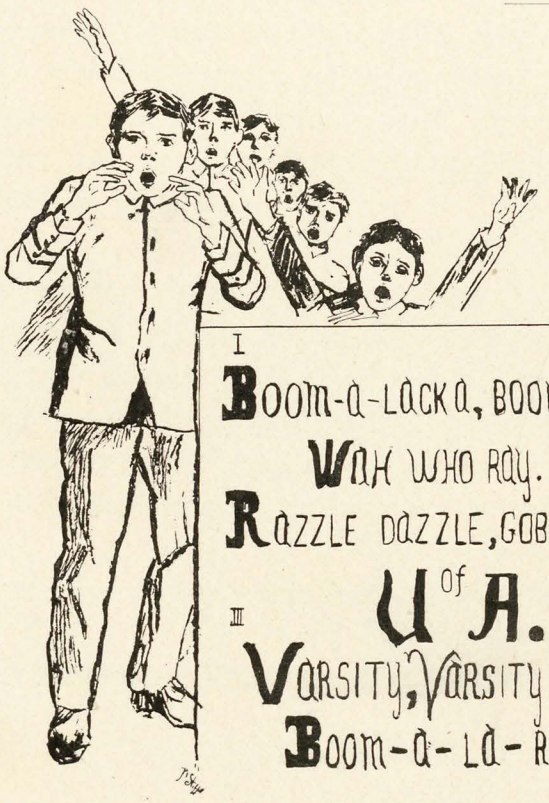
THE first CARDINAL of the twentieth century we now place before you, kind readers. What will it be as compared with the one that will appear in the twenty-first century? This, of course, we cannot answer but venture to predict it will be a mere nothing, for then perhaps a good college spirit will have been awakened in the old U. of A.—at least we hope so.

It has been our endeavor to give the representative phases of college, whether we have done so is now left to your judgment. If you see fit to criticise us, do it quietly and where it will not reach our ears, for criticism hurts severely, "and we have worked hard on this Annual." But if, on the other hand, you have some words of praise for us, let us know and we will call around and hear them—it is human nature, you know, to love flattery, "and we have labored hard on this Annual." We hope our book *will be a pleasure and a benefit to all of our readers.*

We desire to extend publicly our most heartfelt thanks to Miss Breden and the students of the Art Department for their kind and diligent work on the '02 CARDINAL.

THE EDITORS.

Greeting



I

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka,
Wah who ray.
Razzle dazzle, gobble gobble,
U of A.

II

Hie ip, hie ip,
Rah, rah, rah.
Ozark, Ozark,
Zip boom bah.

III

Varsity, Varsity,
Boom-a-la-ray.

Cardinal, Cardinal,
U of A.

Cardinal Staff.

"Cardinal" Staff

Richard B. Barton, K Σ - - - - - - - - Editor-in-Chief
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Miss Breden - - - - - - - - - - - - - Editor

Assisted by

Mrs. Brown, Misses Foreman, Hill, Alexander, Smith, Phillips
Messrs. Mitchell, Austin, Cochrane, Stifft, Stone

University of Arkansas

IT IS NOT my province to deal with statistics and comparisons, to show that the University, though young, is the leading college of the Southwest, and that in progress she yields to none. Her history would be too long, and she needs no encomium. Enough, then, if the true impressions of a student, one brought up within her hallowed halls and imbued with the sacredness of her mission, be given. No comparison is to be made with the small denominational colleges scattered through the State. We do not oppose them. Let them flourish. But why their opposition to everything that does not bear their stamp? The training here is equal to the best colleges of the Union, and with them only will we compare.

Establishment and Purpose of the University

The University was established by virtue of an act of Congress donating public lands for educational purposes, and in accordance with an act of the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas. Her purpose is to promote the higher educational interests of the State; to enable students to interpret broad and liberally, questions of state and religion; to give careful, accurate knowledge of the various sciences; to make skilled, practical engineers. The college is an extension of the home. The purpose of both is to make the character beautiful, strong, noble, pure. The U. of A. realizes the significance of her purpose, the responsibility of her trust, and while she gives due prominence to the intellectual world, she never fails to magnify the virtues, to teach the excellence of justice, the beauty of truth, the grandeur of honor.

Faculty and Officers

There is a faculty of thirty-six instructors, not including those of the schools of law and medicine and the branch normal. No university of equal size has more efficient professors. Many of our instructors have a Ph. D. degree from the best universities of Europe and America. All have more than a local reputation. Then there is a Board of Trustees, and, *Tod und Teufel*, a Classification Committee, a—n—d a D—o—u—b—t—f—u—l Case Committee, and *merhercule*!!! a Discipline Committee.

Situation

Fayetteville sits on eleven hills, (Rome sat on only seven), and on the highest, most picturesque one of them sits the University. The location is high and healthful; the atmosphere is pure and invigorating. While we are free from the lethargy common to a Southern clime, we are not usually chilled by blizzards. Yet we have at times great climatic changes, ranging from gentle zephyrs to 26° below zero. It was even so cold once that school was suspended for a week—the greatest event in our history, save the visit of the General Assembly. The picturesqueness of the scenery is unsurpassable in our own land, and we doubt that the Alps can excel it. It is in

University of Arkansas—Main Building.

the foot-hills of the Ozarks, where crystal streams murmur over rocky beds, and there are even waterfalls by which ambitious orators can practice, and doubtless develop into greater speakers than Demosthenes. The wild flowers grow luxuriantly in every dell; the soil is as fertile as that of the Nile; the women fair as Helen of Troy. It is the land of the "big red apple and the clover blossom."

However beautiful a place may be, there is no place like home; and it is not to be wondered at that the boys from beyond the mountains begin, as vacation approaches, to long for the land of the cotton and the cane. To those residing in the northern part of the State, no beauty is comparable to the dark-eyed, passionate darlings of the mountain; but men's aesthetic tastes differ; others' thoughts revert to the dreamy-eyed belles of the plain.

System of Government

It is the aim of the faculty to give as much freedom to the students as is compatible with the best interests of the University. To teach one to govern himself is the best instruction that can be given. The honor system in class-room and on examinations is relied upon, and in most cases is very satisfactory. Trust begets trust, and it is safe to say that those professors who believe in the honor of their students never have their confidence abused. The regulations are few and simple, but are like the law of the Medes and Persians. A student is required to attend his classes and lectures, chapel and drill regularly; further, his time is his own. Examinations tell whether he has used it well. Woe! if he has not. There is a half-flunk law now. Thou shalt not break ancient Reg. 50. The sceptic who transgresses this commandment many times will surely be "fired." The honor system breeds a high-toned and manly sentiment. Courage and honor are universally esteemed; meanness is despised and made contemptible; an unwritten code of honor deals equitably with all.

Student Life

Seven hundred students from as many homes and localities have necessarily various characteristics. Here there are, roughly, three distinct classes, intellectually and morally. First, there is the "grind," who lives for himself and to himself, has no sociability, buries himself in a book and never peeps out to ask a friend if his vaccination took; too absorbed to indulge in a little innocent flirtation in the corridor (when no professor is to be seen). Such a fellow never "cuts" a class. He goes through college generally with honors, but has little appreciation of what it means. He has never had time to make a friend, never has known what good fellows his associates were. He enters life, if not a mental wreck, at least with a morose disposition. He does not inspire others to enter college; they will rather shun a place that makes such disagreeable citizens. Secondly, there is the "happy-go-lucky" class, who never dreamed of a purpose or a responsibility in life. They are devout believers that the Lord knows His own and will take care of them. They let each day take care of itself, and have no thought of the morrow. They are bubbles on the stream of time, and just as useless. Fortunately both classes mentioned are small. The third class, and it is numerous, is a happy medium between the above. In this class are all those jolly fellows who support the college publications, athletics, etc. They have "a voice of gladness and a mild and healing sympathy" for the new student who is homesick a pleasant greeting for everyone, are

perfectly willing to help a lower class man with a knotty problem in Math., or a difficult Latin construction. They have been known to be present at sub-Fresh elections and banquets. They never refuse an invitation to a reception, and sometimes even go out with Hallowe'en marauders. The greater number of these pass with creditable grades, but if they do fail on one study, all the sunshine does not fade from the heavens. They only contract pleasure and expand study, thereby completing their course in the usual length of time; and are able to see the bright side of life. They are the kind of fellows that are envied, the ones we like to call our friends.

The moral character is just as varied, but here, too, the majority are good, honorable boys who will wrong no one, but do not object to a little harmless amusement. There are a few, very few, who have no very high appreciation of others' rights. They are "the autocrats of the lunch baskets." It is not to be wondered at, for when a parent has a child he can do nothing with at home, he sends it to college to get rid of it. When such a student comes with arrogance and weakness, strength of will without strength of judgment, force of appetite without force of intellect, it is impossible for the college to regenerate him.

On the whole, the student atmosphere is congenial. Some have foibles, idiosyncrasies, crazes. The kodak fiend is the latest. Dudes and flirts are extinct. There is a plaster of Paris cast of each specimen in the museum that some antiquarian, searching 'mid the wrecks of time, unearthed. The student is valued for his sterling worth; nothing else. If he dresses decently and acts a man, he is received by all.

Athletics

Athletics in some form has come into the college to stay. For better or for worse, it must be retained. To hear college students talk, one would think that the modern curriculum comprises only a crew, a nine and a foot ball team. The world does not care to hear of our intellectual feats, so, thoughtful as we are, we do not tire them with our learning.

The former hump-backed bow-legged, consumptive college man has passed away; in his place is a robust, healthy, strong-limbed, alert personage. The old "howl" that too much time is given to sports, thereby lowering scholarship, has no foundation. Intellectual power has kept pace with physical strength. Students are no longer content with merely "pulling through;" even a foot ball player is not excused. The average scholarship is now several per cent. higher than in the time of the peroxide-complexioned graduate.

There exists here an athletic association, which includes foot ball, base ball, tennis, a track team The interest in this line is increasing. Lately a park has been completed, and an effort is on foot to procure a well equipped gymnasium. The young ladies already have one. "A Southern gentleman never envies a lady, however."

The Arkansas University Gymnasium for Young Women was established less than two years ago, but so rapid has been its growth that we have to-day the most completely equipped gymnasium in the South.

Emerson says: "The ancestor of every action is thought." Based upon psychological principles and physiological laws, the physical culture course is adapted from the best of the different systems. The Swedish

free standing movements have for an ultimate aim the harmonious adjustment of the body. The German system of heavy apparatus systematically strengthens the body. The American and Delsarte system of exercise follows, and grace and ease in bodily movements are gained by the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, wands, bowling, archery, and marching. Notwithstanding the fact that the State has never assisted this part of the college, the students, aided by some of the professors, have made a reasonable showing. One of our athletes has the South-western record for the one hundred yard dash, (time 10 sec.), and running broad jump, (distance 21 feet). If the Legislature comes to our assistance with a liberal appropriation, we will do our Alma Mater credit in this line also.

The legislatures have held so long to that effete, moss-grown idea that athletics detract from study, that it is hard for them to let go. Their ethical principles once came near forcing them to prohibit foot ball entirely Foot ball does, indeed, have its bad side. Ribs are broken, joints strained, eyes gouged out, teeth dislocated, collar bones fractured—sometimes. But it has its good side. It has intellectual and moral relations. The game demands presence of mind, quickness of thought and action. The players are on the field; their opponents arrayed; judgment is important. Inferences must be made, evidence considered immediately. The tackling is swift and sure; fumbling is death. It also creates a fraternal feeling. Socialists are clamoring for a co-operative basis of society; let them see a foot ball game, and they will know what real co-operation is.

Literary Societies

The average student is pretty thoroughly occupied with text-books, yet some time is given to society work. There are two societies that seem permanently established: The Mathetian and Garland. The former is composed of collegiates of both sexes; the latter of young men from the preparatory and collegiate departments. The work has been of a commendable grade. Here again the students have been left to themselves, this time by the professors. If credit towards a degree were given in elocution and oratory, the incentive to literary work would be much greater.

Fraternities and Clubs

The present age is one of organizations and conventions. This is true of the world and also of college. There is an attractiveness about secret orders. We long to associate with something mysterious, to have a great, oppressive secret burdening our souls, to understand mystic winks and nods.

There have been several ephemeral, quixotic secret organizations. Representatives of these are the M. O. W. R., S. U. N., and Quipu. These have long ago perished. Only last year flourished a tender flower, the J. J. J's., composed of nine young ladies. The drouth and heat of summer withered it, and now it is no more. Its life, though short, was brilliant; its death lamented by many—boys. The latest club is the Big 4, composed of young men. It is just another evidence that man has become a social animal.

The above are organizations of the hour. In the last few years the Greek letter fraternities have been introduced. There are at present five fraternities organized: Kappa Sigma, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Kappa Alpha, Chi Omega, Delta Phi. Though the fraternities are late accessions, they are well organized.

Such are the impressions of a student. To us, our University is the best, but it is as uncommon for a son to complain of his college as to complain of his paternal roof. Happy is he who has two mothers whom he may worship.

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HUGH F. REAGAN	Secretary of Board
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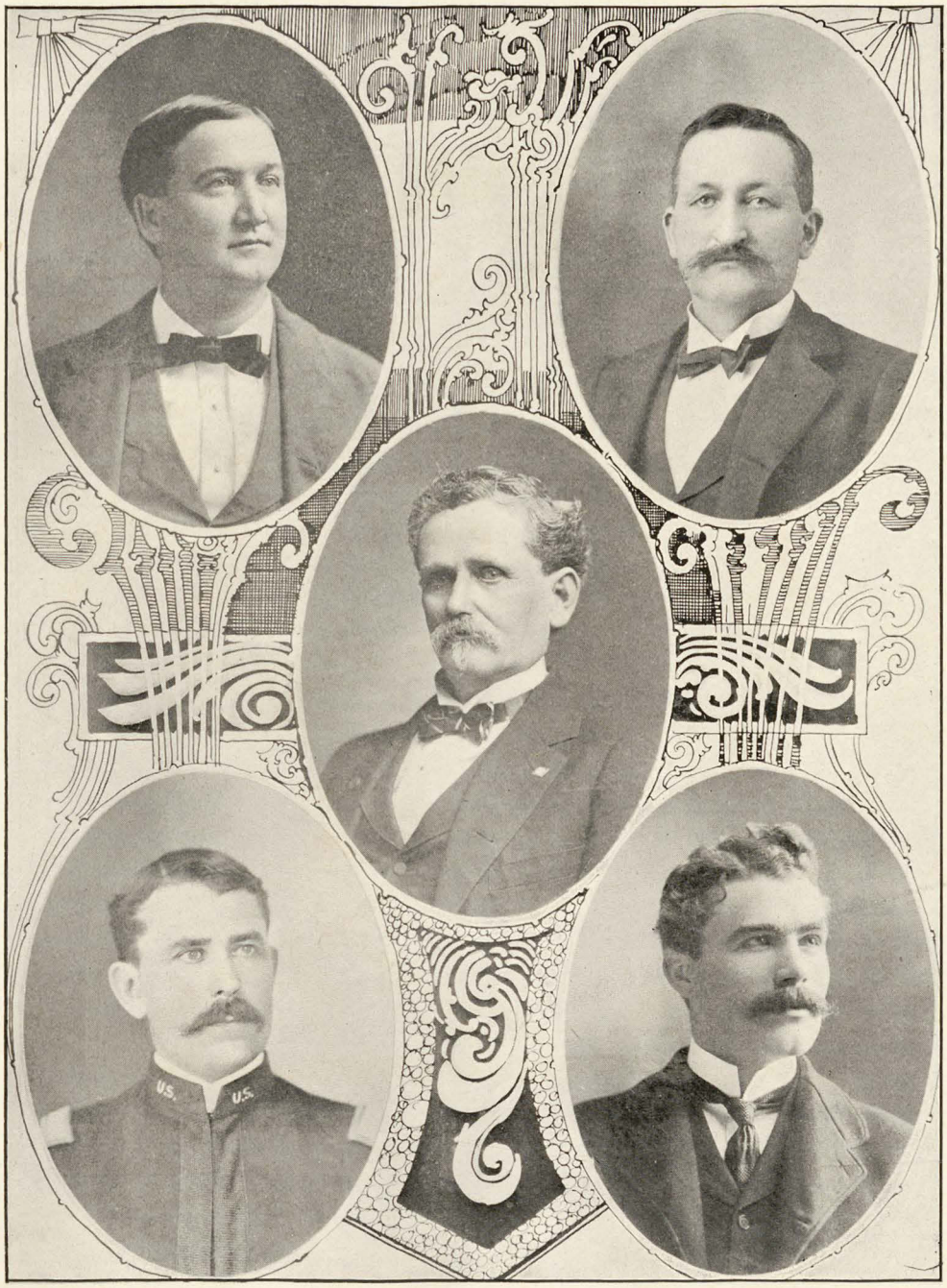
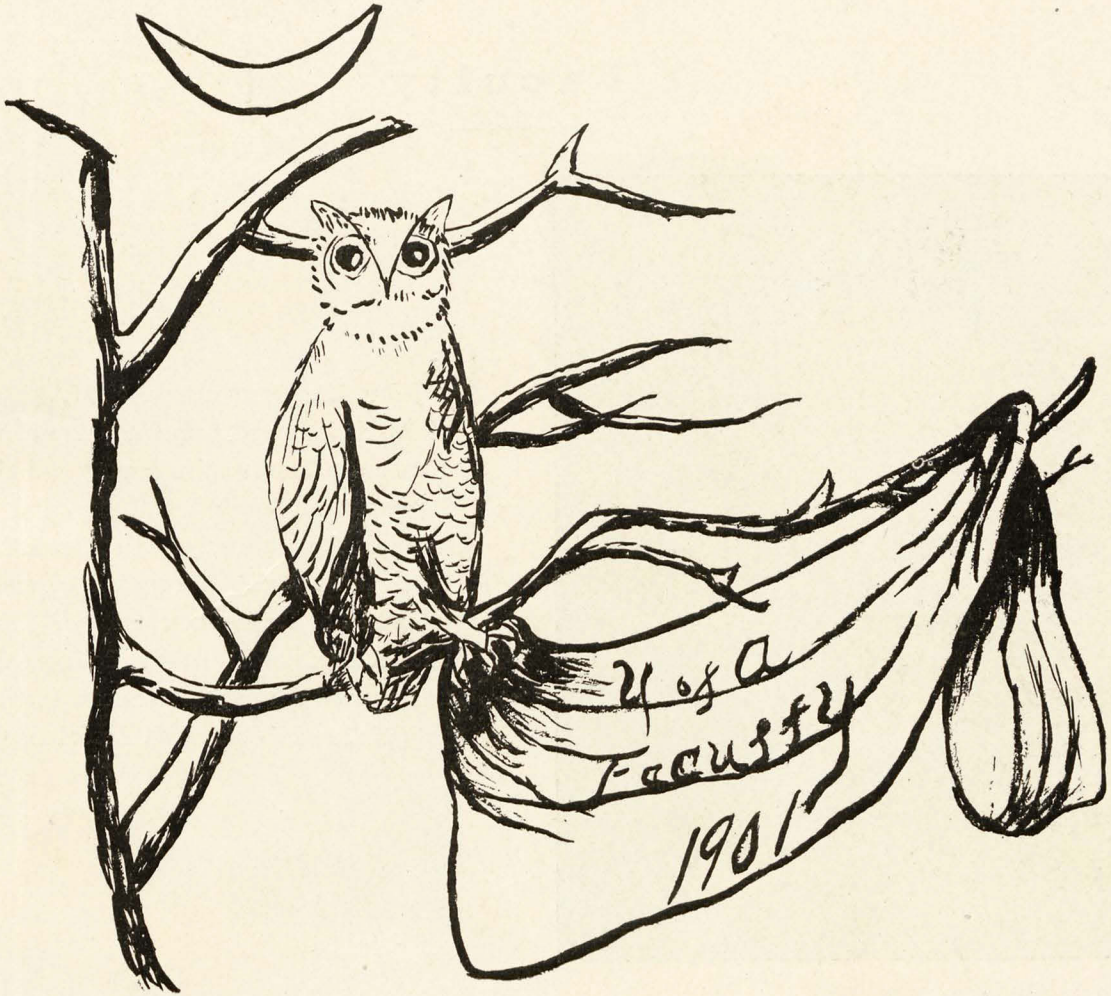


Board of Trustees.


U of A
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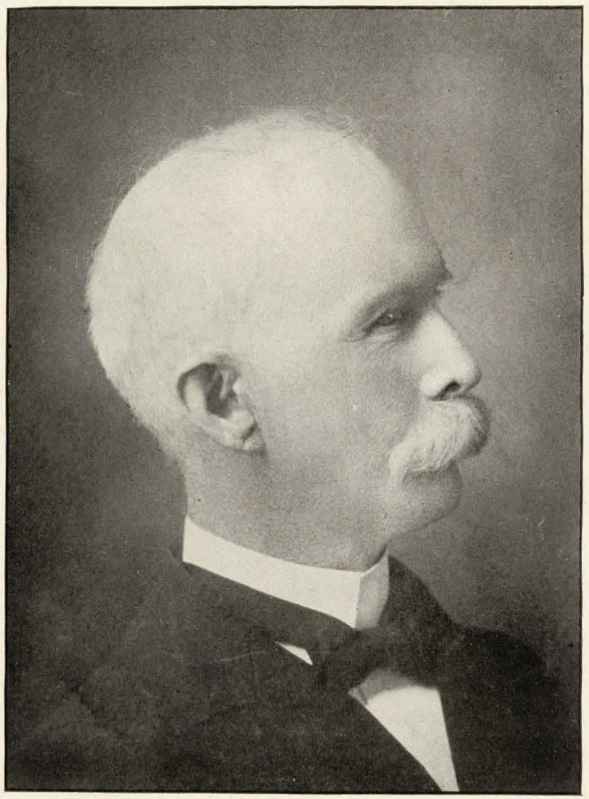
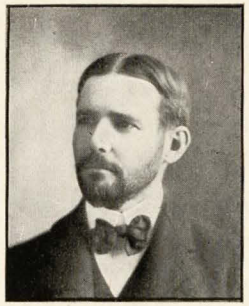
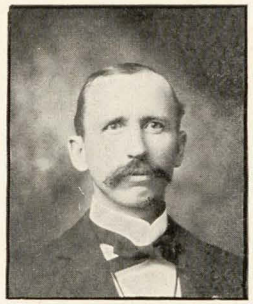


JOHN LEE BUCHANAN, A. M., LL. D., Professor of Psychology and Ethics and President since 1894. Previously Professor in Emory and Henry College; Professor in Vanderbilt University; President of Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College; Professor in Randolph-Macon College, and State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia. Graduate of Emory and Henry College, Virginia, 1856, and a member of the American Institute of Civics and National Educational Association.

ALBERT ERNEST MENKE, D. Sc., F. C. S. Ph. D. He became Professor of Chemistry and Physics 1887. Previous to this time he was Assistant in Chemistry, St. Mary's Hospital School, 1879-80; Assistant at Queen's College, 1880-81; Private Assistant in Research Chemistry, Harvard University, 1881-83; Professor of Chemistry, State College of Kentucky, 1883-87. He was graduated from King's College in 1886, receiving the degree of D. S. In 1894 he received the degree of Ph. D. from Lombard University. Also is a member of the Chemical Society and Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

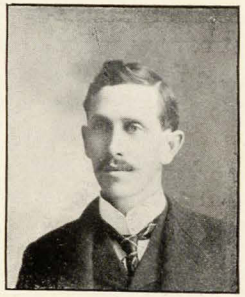
JOHN CLINTON FUTRALL, B. A., M. A. Professor of Ancient Languages, 1894. A member of Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Graduate of University of Virginia, 1894. Obtained B. A. at University of Arkansas and M. A. at University of Virginia. Spent session of 1899-1900 traveling and studying in Europe.





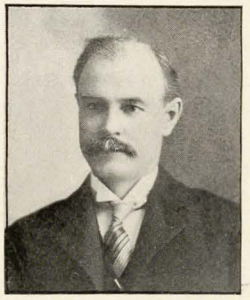
GEORGE WESLEY DROKE, A. M. Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. Previously Associate Professor of Mathematics, 1897. Teacher of English, Coronal Institute, San Marcas, Texas. U. of A. graduate, class of 1880. Member of the Mathetian Literary Society.

JULIUS J. KNOCH, M. S., C. E. Professor of Civil Engineering. Previously Associate Professor in same department. Assistant Professor of German and Mathematics, Grove City, 1886-88; bridge construction, Oswego, N. Y., 1892-93. Took B. S. degree from Grove City College, 1886; M. S , 1889; C. E. from Cornell University,1892.

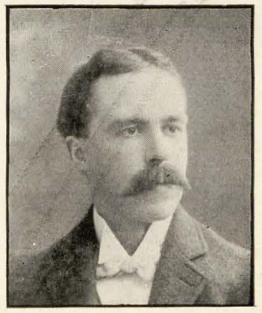


W. N. Gladson, M. S. E. E., Ph. D. Professor of Electrical Engineering, 1894; graduate of Iowa State College, 1888; Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering, Ohio State University, 1892-94. A member of the I. S. E. Engineering Society.

C. L. Newman, B. S., A. and M. C., Ala., 1886. Born Columbus, Ga., 1864. Assistant at Alabama Experiment Station, 1886-87; Assistant Professor of Agriculture, University of Tennessee, 1887-89; Principal of North Alabama Agricultural School, 1889-91; Assistant Agriculturist, Ark. Agricultural Experiment Station, 1892-97; at present, Professor of Agriculture, University of Arkansas, and Agriculturist at Arkansas Experiment Station.

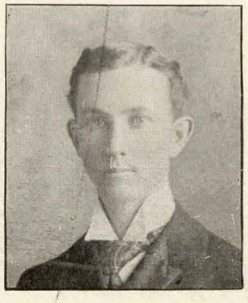


Albert Homer Perdue, A B. Professor of Geology. Graduate of Indiana State Normal School, 1886, and Leland Stanford, 1893. Previously Graduate Student of Geology, Stanford University, 1893-94; Principal of High School, Rensselaer, Ind., 1894-95; Senior Fellow, Department of Geology, University of Chicago, 1895-96. A member of American Institute of Mining Engineers and Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

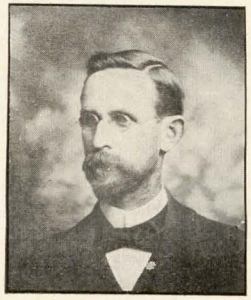


S. J. McLean, B. A., University of Toronto, 1894; Ramsay Post-Graduate Scholar in Political Science, ibid, 1894; Mackenzie Fellow in Political Science, ibid, 1894-95; LL. B., ibid, 1895; University Examiner in Economics and Political Science, ibid, 1895-97; University Fellow in Economics and Sociology, Columbia University, 1895-96; M. A., ibid, 1896; Fellow in Economics and Political Science, Chicago University, 1896-97; Ph. D., ibid, 1897; at present Professor of Economics and Sociology, University of Arkansas.

JUNIUS JORDAN, LL. D., Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogics. M. A., Southern University, Alabama, 1867; Professor of Ancient Languages, University of Columbus, 1869-74; Principal of Training School at Pine Bluff, Ark., 1876-84; M. A., *causa honoris*, Central College, 1884; Superintendent of Public Instruction, Arkansas, 1894-97; LL. D., University of Arkansas, 1897; elected to present position, 1898.

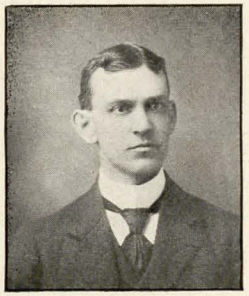


WM. ALEXANDER READ, Ph. D. Professor of English and Modern Languages. Took A. B. from King's College, 1888; Ph. D. from University of Heidelberg, Germany, 1897; Graduate Student, University of Virginia, 18929-4; University of Göttingen, 1894-95; University of Heidelberg, 1895-97; instructor in English, Southwest Virginia Institute, 1897; Graduate Student of Johns Hopkins University, 1898; Lecturer in English Literature, West Virginia University, summer quarter, 1898; Adjunct Professor of English and Modern Languages, University of Arkansas, 1899-00; now Professor of English and Modern Languages, University of Arkansas.

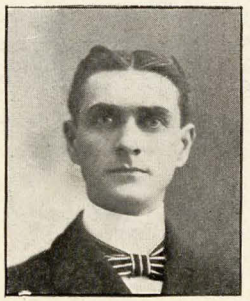


CHARLES EDWIN HOUGHTON, A. B., M. M. E. Superintendent of Mechanical Arts and Professor of Mechanical Engineering. A. B., Leland Stanford, Jr., University, 1893; M. M E., Cornell University, 1894; Instructor in Mechanical Engineering, Shelby College, Cornell University, 1894-98; 1898 to present, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, University of Arkansas.

FRANK WELBORNE PICKEL, A. B., M. Sc. A. B. from Fruman University, 1886; M. S., University of South Carolina, 1890; Graduate Student at Johns Hopkins University in Biology, 1892-94; M. Sc., University of Chicago, 1899; then elected to his present position.



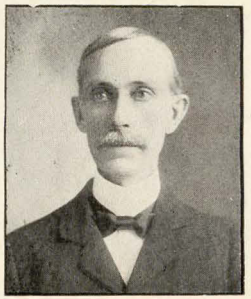
A. F. Lewis, A. B., A. M., Ph. D., A. B. Ogden College, 1881 and A. M. in 1885; A. B., Princeton University 1884 and A. M. in 1887; Graduate Student Johns Hopkins University, 1889-92 and 1895-96; Winter Semester University of Berlin 1898-99; Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University, 1899. Instructor in Preparatory Department of Ogden College, 1881-82; Bardstown, (Ky.) Institute, 1884-85, Adjunct Professor Arkansas Industrial University, 1885-87; Professor in West Florida State Seminary, 1887-89; President of same, 1892-97; elected present position 1899.



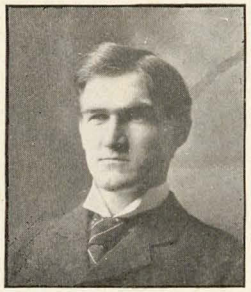
Edgar Finlay Shannon, A. B. A. B., Central College of Kentucky, 1893; 1893-94, Principal of Public Schools, Princeton, Ark.; elected Associate Professor of Ancient Languages, University of Arkansas, 1895; member of Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity; honorary member of Mathetian Literary Society.

Ernest Walker, B. S. Agr. Graduate of Cornell, B. S. A., 1897. Assistant Horticulturist, South Carolina Experiment Station and Clewson State Agricultural College, 1897-98. Entomologist South Carolina Experiment Station and Professor of Entomology in Clewson College, 1898-99. Instructor in Horticulture in Cornell, 1897.

Boling James Dunn, A.B., A. M. Bethel College, A. B., 1871; 1880-94, Principal of Arkadelphia Baptist High School, and eight years Professor of Mathematics, Ouachita College; previously Principal Preparatory Department, University of Arkansas; now Associate Professor of Mathematics.

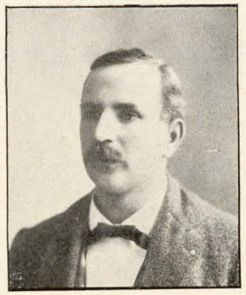


HADGE BOOKER DAVIES, A. B., Associate Professor of English and Modern Languages. A. B., University of Arkansas, 1893; 1893-97, taught in Virginia; elected to present position, September, 1898.

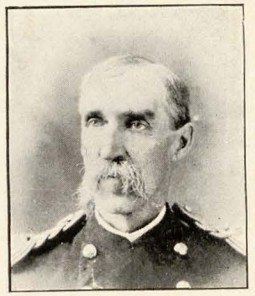


COLBERT SEARLES, Ph. D., Adjunct Professor of English and Modern Languages. Student at Wesleyan University, 1891-95; Instructor of French and German, Ohio Military Institute, 1895-97; Ph. D., University of Leipsic, 1899; Instructor of French and Italian, University of Indiana, 1899, till November, 1900, when elected to present position.

P. H. WALKER, M.S. University of Virginia, 1890; Professor of Chemistry, Miller Manual Labor School, 1890-92; Instructor in Chemistry, University of Iowa, 1892-96; M. S. from University of Iowa, 1890; student at Heidelberg and Berlin Universities, 1895-97; Professor in University of Iowa, 1897-99; elected Associate Professor of Chemistry and Physics, University of Arkansas, September, 1900.



G. A. COLE, A. M., Principal Preparatory Department. Educated at Marion High School, Va., and "Emory and Henry College," Va.; took A. B. June, 1882; took A. M., in 1892 from same college; has been teaching in University of Arkansas since March, 1893.



GEORGE K. SPENCER, Capt. U. S. A. Joined Second Iowa in 1861, and rose during the war to Captain of Volunteers, 1863; saw most of his service in the immediate South; made Captain to date from August, 1897, "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Tupelo, Miss., Nashville, Tenn., and at Spanish Fort, Ala." On duty at Military posts in Kansas, Indian Territory and Colorado 1874 until retired in 1891; Commandant at St. John's Military School, 1890-92 and 1897-98; detailed to duty at University of Arkansas, October 2, 1900. Professor of Military Science and Tactics.

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GERTRUDE CRAWFORD - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Instructor in Vocal Music
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J. F. MOORE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Chemist
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ERNEST WALKER, B. S., Agr. - - - - - - - - - - - Agriculturist
G. B. IRBY, B. A. - - - - - - - - Assistant Agriculturist at Newport

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Louis R. Stark - - - - - - - - - - - - Professor of Gynecology

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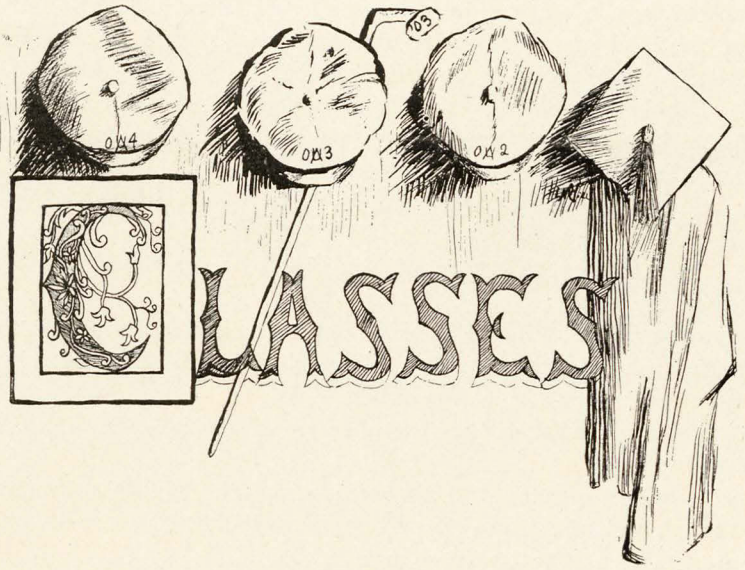
W. H. Miller, M. D. - - Prosector of Anatomy and Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics

Frank Vinsonhaler, M. D - - - Professor of Clinical Ophthalmology and Otology

T. N. Robinson - - - - - - Professor of Medical Chemistry and Toxicology

F. L. French, M. D., Adjunct Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Hygiene and Botany

E. R. Dibrell, M. D. - - - - - - - - Secretary of the Faculty, Little Rock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Book of Chronicles

Class of MDCCCCI

CHAPTER I.

NOW it came to pass in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven in the siege of John the Good, in the third year of his reign, that a band of youths and maidens gathered themselves together in the King's palace, even in the halls thereof, in the ninth month of the year.

2. Behold the palace of the King cannot be hid for it is set upon a high hill in the midst of a goodly land called the Campus, and the name of it is gone abroad throughout the length and breadth of the countries round about:

3. So that people of all nations resort to it to be instructed by the wise King and his counsellors, who in the tongue of that land are called Faculty.

4. And in the third year of King John's reign certain young people came up together and stood before the King;

5. And the King's scribe read in the Book of Catalogue and gave these certain ones a name.

6. And he cried with a loud voice, saying, These shall be called no more by their old name, but they shall be called by a new name, even the name of Freshmen.

7. For the space of one year shall they be called by this name, yea, and longer shall *some* be called by it; for thus it is written in the scroll.

8. Then the King spake to them (and his voice was as one having authority), saying, Oh, ye Freshmen, go forth and learn, for though ye know it not, there remaineth much that ye wot not of.

9. And they marveled greatly at this saying.

10. Furthermore he charged them, saying, men and maidens, let your communications be *yea, yea,* and *nay, nay.*

11. For whatsoever is more than this breaketh the fiftieth commandment and bringeth judgment upon the offender.

12. And they went out from the presence of the King and strove diligently for the space of a year.

13. But certain there were who waxed great in their own conceit and these fell by the wayside and the monster called Physics devoured them.

CHAPTER II.

1. And after the great Feast of Commencement which is held in the sixth month, they departed every one to his father's house where they abode for the space of four score and ten days.

2. When the end of this time was come, they that had been called Freshmen again drew nigh the halls of the palace.

3. And they stood in the King's presence, saying, Hear us, Oh King, and grant us our petetion.

4. Thou knowest that for a weary season we have borne the name of Freshmen, and the word is become a hissing and a reproach to us.

5. Give us therefore a *new* name by which we may be called, and our reproach be taken away.

6. And when they had made an end of speaking the King lifted up his voice and cried,

7. Well have ye done and faithfully, O my children. Therefore ye shall no longer be called Freshmen but Sophomores. Go and sin no more. And it was so.

8. And they toiled mightily for a year.

9. Howbeit some were destroyed utterly by the foul dragon called Chemistry, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

10. Others there were who bought *ponies* of the Latins, that they might pursue Knowledge if haply they might find her.

11. But at the Feast of Examinations they fell in pitfalls cunningly digged for them, and the land called Campus knew them no more.

CHAPTER III.

1. And the next year came again these certain ones to sojourn in the King's house.

2. And they paid to the King as heretofore talents of gold and shekels of silver.

3. And behold they made merry and were exceeding glad, and they said one to the other,

4. Come, let us rejoice and take our ease, for are we not even those of whom it is said,

5. Lo, these are they who have come up out of great tribulation and their name shall be called Juniors.
6. And naught troubled them and the country was in quietness.

CHAPTER IV.

1. And yet again another year came these to the King, and now they were become Elders in his house.
2. And they were known among men as Seniors.
3. And that year they were vexed and oppressed, so that they were sore distressed, by four beasts with horns.
4. And their names are these:
5. The first is called Sociology, and he devoured gladly rich men's sons so that it is easier for them to go through the eye of a needle than to escape him.
6. The second is called Geology, and he liveth upon dry rocks, yea upon the stones of the earth doth he feed.
7. And the other two are they not named Ethics and Logic?
8. And they are fearsome creatures, and no man knoweth on what they prey, yet some there be who tell that they prey upon the mind.
9. Now some of the Elders escaped and fled by these mighty beasts.
10. But a few there were of vain and light persons who were devoured alive in a place of outer darkness amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.
11. And the Assembly called Doubtful saw to it, and it was so.
12. It come to pass that among themselves these Elders chose Hervy of the house of Ross to rule over them.
13. And they straightway heeded not his voice, but got them up and did each as he listed.
14. And the damsel Mary, whose surname is Smith, did prophesy for them, but they placed no faith in her sayings though her countenance shone.
15. And Elmer of the tribe of Knott was the Keeper of the script, and he toiled diligently day and night gathering it together.
16. And Edward of the house of Howell, the same is he who writ down these Chronicles lest peradventure men should not hear tell of these happenings.
17. And others there were who banded themselves together and went out as champions on a terrible place called Gridiron and defied the Philistines.

18. And are not their names in order of their going Vincenheller and Henderson and Freeman and Hobbs and Sadler and Brown, yea and others with them.

19. And the Philistines stood on the one side and these mighty men of valor on the other.

20. And Vincenheller led them and he had an helmet of brass upon his nose and he wore a coat of many colors.

21. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs and a target of brass between his shoulders.

22. And one bearing a pigskin went before him.

23. And, it came to pass in the process of time that the Philistines girded up their lions and made haste and ran with the pigskin quickly.

24. But Vincenheller and his men laid in wait for them and caught them and rent their garments and smote them hip and thigh with great slaughter.

25. And all the people made a joyful noise and shouted aloud and the words of their shouting, being interpreted, are these:

26. Boom-a-lacka, Boom-a-lacka, Wah-who-ray! Razzle-dazzle, Gobble-gobble, U. of A.

27. And the Philistines gnashed upon them with their teeth, but they mocked them.

28. And another there was named Thomas of the tribe of Sanders and he was Chief Musician in the King's house.

29. And DeMatt, Hender's son, was a sweet singer and he sang a new (?) song before the people in the choir invisible, yea he opened his mouth and sang. Selah.

30. Now when the year was ended there were found divers of these youths and damsels whose names were writ on parchments in letters of gold.

31. For they had run the race with patience, yea, verily they had sought wisdom and found understanding.

32. And they made a great feast and clad themselves in shining raiment and rejoiced with timbrel and with harp.

33. And each damsel and each youth took him a parchment whereon his name was inscribed and departed to his father's house.

34. But they rembered John the Good, and loved him and blessed him all the days of their lives. Selah.

Senior Class

HERVY LEONARD ROSS, K Σ, Class President - - - - - - - - - - - - - Boonsboro
Capt. Co. "B." '00-01; President Garland Literary Society, '00-01; Associate Editor Ozark, '00-01; Quartermaster Serg't, '99-00; Associate Editor CARDINAL '96-97.

MISS DEMMIE TEE STUBBLEFIELD, Class Vice-President - - - - - - - - - - Fayetteville

MISS OLIVE WEBSTER, X Ω, Class Secretary - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Marvell
Associate Editor CARDINAL, '00-01; Secretary Mathetian Literary Society, '98; Historian Freshman Class, '96-97.

ELMER CONWAY KNOTT, K Σ, Class Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Bentonville

BENJAMIN F. DAVIS, K A, Class Orator - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Cherokee City
2nd Lieut. and Adj't 1st Battalion, '00-01; President Garland Literary Society, '00; Representative of Junior Class to Respond to Seniors' Charge, '00; Serg't Co. "E," '99-00; Associate Ed. Ozark, '00; President Garland Literary Society, '98.

EDWARD HOWELL, K A, Class Historian: 1st Lieutenant, '00-01; Winner College Medal, '97-98. Fayetteville

NANCY ELLEN ASKEN, X Ω, Class Poet - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Magnolia
Poet Junior Class, '99-00; Associate Editor CARDINAL, '99-00; Associate Editor Ozark, '98-99.

FANNIE MARIE SMITH, Δ Φ, Class Prophet - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - El Dorado
Associate Editor CARDINAL, '00-01; Secretary Junior Class, '99-00.

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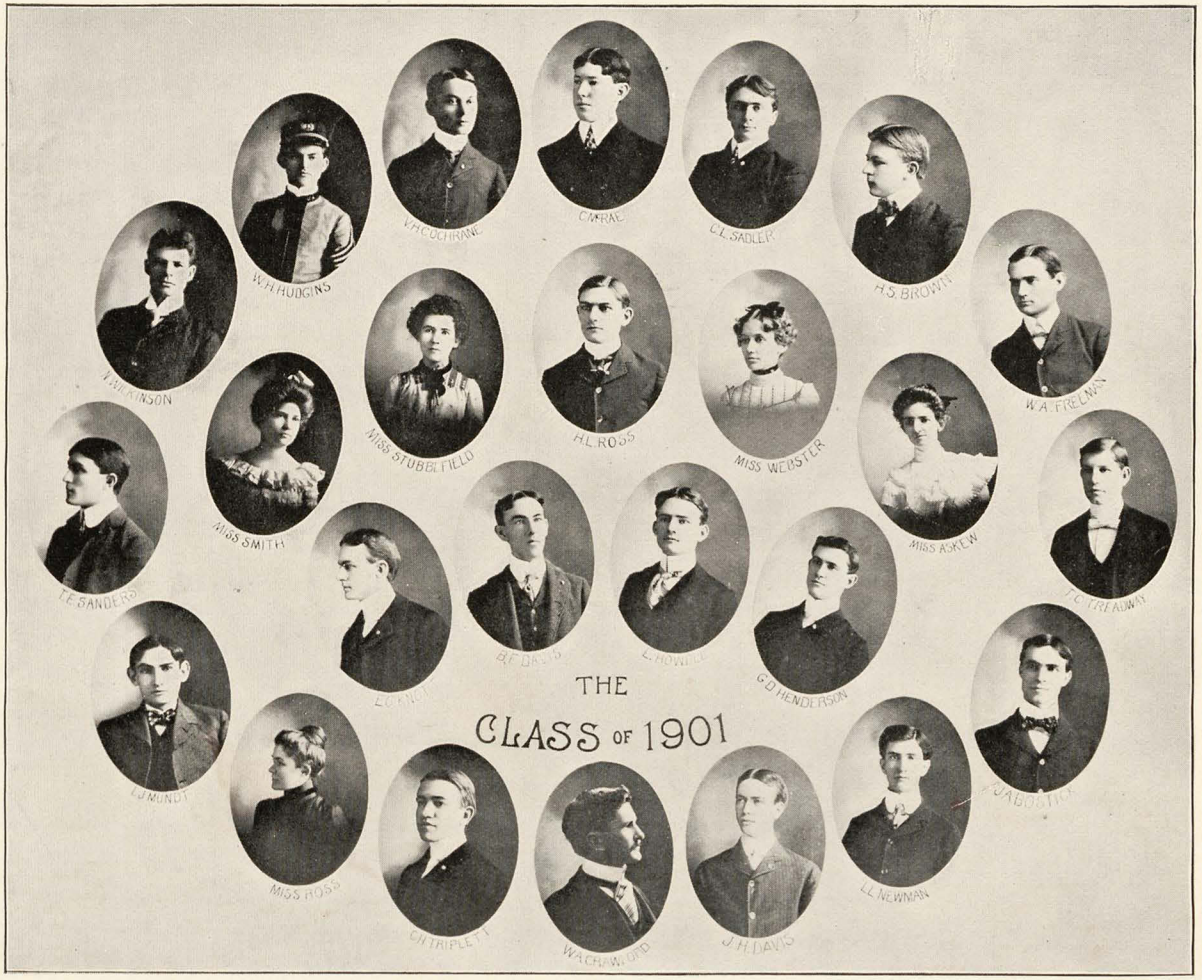
HARRY SANFORD BROWN, K A - Tyler, Texas
Lieut. Co."C," '00-01; Sergt. Co."A," '99-00; Orator Junior Class,'99-00; Corporal Co. "E," '98-99

VICTOR HUGO COCHRAN, K A - Gravett
Capt. Co. "D," '00-01; Assistant Instructor C. E. Department, '00-01; Assistant Engineer C. E. Survey, '00; Business Manager CARDINAL, '99-00; President Junior Class, '99-00; Treasurer Sophomore Class, '98-99.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TOM DAVIS, K Σ, Sergeant - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Forrest City
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E. V. LEVERETTE, Corporal - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Fayetteville
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H. E. MARSHALL, Passed in Chemistry First Time, Garlander - - - - - - - - - - Mansfield
A. MCGEHEE, K Σ, Sergeant Mathetian - - - - - - - - - - - - - - McGehee
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R. J. MIDDLETON, K Σ, Historian of Class - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Fayetteville
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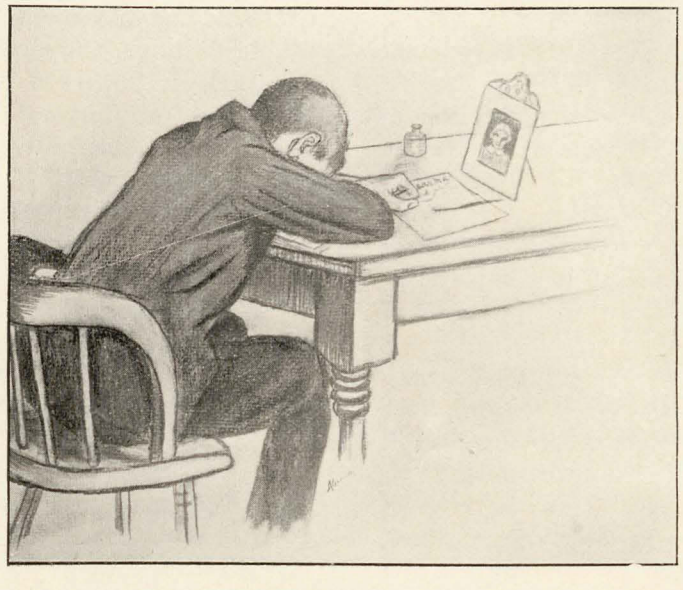
A. C. NEEL, Σ A E - Forrest City
R. J. NELSON, President of Normal Class, Garlander - - - - - - - - - - - De Queen
E. R. NORTON, Σ A E, Musician - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Forrest City
T. R. QUARLES, K A, Corporal - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Fayetteville
C. C. RAMSEY, Σ A E, Corporal Mathetian - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Camden
W. F. REICHARDT, Σ A E, "Toots a Horn," - - - - - - - - - - - - - Little Rock
W. B. RIFE, Garlander - Osage Mills
W. A. RUGGLES - Fayetteville
RUPERT TAYLOR, K A, Associate Editor of CARDINAL, Mathetian - - - - - - - - Jonesboro
FAY WEBSTER - Marvell
O. H. WINN, Garlander - Russellville
W. O. WILSON, Vice-President Garlander, Vice-President Normal Class, Editor Ozark - - - Cabot
GUY WATKINS, Captain Base Ball Team, Sec.-Treas. Tennis Club, Tennis Champion '99-00 - - Fayetteville
SCOTT WOOD - Hot Springs
GUY WORTHLEY, Σ A E, English Student - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Helena

Ye Freshman



Freshman Class

J. Chapman, President of Class - Lake Village
Aleen Hamilton, Vice-Pres. of Class. Fayetteville
Mathetian.
Annie Abernathe, Secretary of Class - Warren
She has the Bloom of Youth.
Josie Drake, Treasurer of Class - - Fayetteville
Ben Kimpel, Historian of Class - - Dernott
H. B. Hill, Orator of Class - - Fayetteville
J. L. Abercrombie, Corporal; Garlander - Bryant
J. L. Allen, Latin Student - - Fayetteville
A. H. Beard, Garlander - - - Wynne
Emma Blakemore, A Model - - Prairie Grove
Fay Blanchard, A Studious Girl - Fayetteville
John Bloom, Past Master of Drawing - Pine Bluff
Tallest Man in School.
H. B. Bowers, Garlander - - - Critendon
E. O. Brack, Mathetian - - Little Rock
Emma Brown, A Daily Occurrence - Fayetteville
O. R. Brown, Garlander - - Grenning Shade
Lorena Burns, Quiet but Quick - Fayetteville
Sue Burney, Awful Jolly - - Green Forest
Ethel Butler, Fair Charmer - Prairie Grove
J. Chapman, Sergeant; Class President, Lake Village
E. W. Chapple, Mathetian - - Little Rock
Zena Chitwood, Her Smile Captivates, Dardanelle
E. Clark, Garlander - - - - - Waldo
C. W. Connelller - - Oklahoma City, Ok.
Wild and Wooley Warrior.
C. M. Conway, Corporal - - Washington
Manager 2d Foot Ball Team.
M. L. Cotton, Corporal Garlander - Branch
R. E. Curry, Corporal - - - Fayetteville
Chemistry Student.
Mary Lou Davies, A Next Year Soph. Fayetteville
Wm. Dunn, Our Drummer Boy - Fayetteville
Ollie Furtrall, Greek Student - Marianna
W. A. Going, A Geometry Student Pocahontas
G. A. Grace, The Warbler - - Fort Smith
C. W. Gray, Corporal Mathetian - - Little Rock
D. L. Gray, A Perpetual Smile - Little Rock
F. A. Gray, Garlander - - Swanee, Ok.
J. C. Greenoe, That English Student - Helena
A. M. Harding, The Little Giant - Fayetteville
C. H. Hammock, - - - - - Monticello
Monarch of all he surveys.
Ethel Hill, Ass't Editor of Cardinal. Fayetteville

H. B. Hill, Corporal; Class Orator - Fayetteville
G. R. Holcomb, Dr. Menke's Pet - Fayetteville
Louise Holman, That History Student. Texarkana
C. D. Holt, Corporal - - - - - Bellefont
J. Horsefall, Corporal - - - - - Hazel
J. G. Hudgins, Mathetian - - - Fayetteville
Mattie Hyde, Par Excellence - Eureka Springs
J. F. John, Our Mathematician - - Fordyce
Effie Jones, Who Studies *a* Prophet - Fayetteville
Lora A. Jones, A Bright Young Lady. Little Rock
Grace Jordan, With Sparkling Eyes - Fayetteville
W. W. Kimbrough, Corporal - Dutch Mills
E. L. Kieler, Drum Major - Ithaca, N. Y.
Ada Kresal, A Winner - - - Fayetteville
Louise Lake, Eve's Fairest Daughter. Fayetteville
F. M. Loper, Mathetian - - - - Monticello
M. G. Lide, Our Beau Brummel - - Camden
G. W. McCrary, Chemistry Student - Nashville
Eva McGuire, Who Wants an Adam. Fayetteville
W. H. McLaughlin, Corporal - - Little Rock
Schofner Ranch.
R. W. Milum, The Greek Student - Lead Hill
B. Mitchell, Corporal Garlander - - Fayetteville
Class Poet.
H. H. Morgan, Garlander - - - Stephens
H. E. Morrow, The Star Student - Fayetteville
G. W. Mullins, The "E" Maker - Fayetteville
J. R. Neeley, Treahin's Star Boarder - Fayetteville
J. C. Oaks, Garlander - - Pocahontas
W. C. Parker, Section Marcher - - - Waldo
Mae Patterson, One of the Choir - Fayetteville
W. F. Peterson, Immaculate Innocent - Vesta
O. Phillips, The Latin Student - Fayetteville
N. P. Pope, Mathetian - - - Monticello
F. H. Pratt, Our Sport - - - Fayetteville
H. Ragland, - - - - - Fayetteville
Captain of the 2d Foot Ball Team.
E. H. Rankin, Corporal - - - Russellville
T. S. Risser, A Quiet Little Boy - Fayetteville
Annie Rosser, Kissed by the Sun - Fayetteville
T. E. Rutherford, Garlander - Hot Springs
P. D. Scott, Corporal - - - Van Buren
W. L. Snapp, The Noted Hunter - Little Rock
Alice Shellenburger, - - - Santiago, Cal.
An "E" Maker.
T. E. Sauter, Always Jolly - - - Magnolia
W. E. Sauter, Son of His Father - Magnolia
F. Stanford, The Eureka Baby - Fayetteville
S. C. Swearinger, Corporal Garlander. Lees Creek
J. D. Tate, The Physics Student - Siloam Springs
A. D. Whitehead, Garlander - - - Taylor
Myrtle Wilson, Mathetian - - Fayetteville
J. B. Womack, Garlander - - - Centerton
C. Wood, Corporal Mathetian - - - Paris
C. F. Wood, Corporal - - - - - Paris
H. H. Wolf, The Heart Breaker - Little Rock

Special Class Students

HORTON CLAYTON LAKE, X Ω, President Special Class - - - - - - - - - Fayetteville
Mathetian; Associate Editor CARDINAL; Assistant Business Manager Ozark.
JAMES LEE DUNN, K Σ, Vice-President Special Class; Principal Musician of Band - - - Fayetteville
SUE QUESENBURG, Secretary Special Class; Mathetian - - - - - - - - - - - Van Buren
LELIA RUTH DRAKE, Δ Φ, Treasurer Special Class; Treasurer Mathetian - - - - - Fayetteville

BAXTER PAUL WARE, K Σ, - - Hot Springs
1st Sergeant; Associate Editor CARDINAL.
LEIGHTON WORTHLEY - - - - - Helena
2d Lieutenant Band; Assistant Leader Band.
JOE GOVAN, Sergeant - - - - - Helena
President Tennis Club; Mathetian.
JOHN RUFUS WILSON - - - - - Cincinnati
GEORGE GORDON STOCKHARD - Nesada, Mo.
MAME PHILLIPS, X Ω - - - Fayetteville
RAY LESTER, Σ A E, Sergeant - New Lewisville
FLORIDA READ, X Ω - - - - - Fayetteville
ADA CARRIE COVINGTON - - - Howell
MINNIE BELLE SMITH - - Rockdale, Tex.
JULIA MAY BENEDICT - - - - Fayetteville
MOSES GREEN DALY - - - - Chicago
NOEL MARTIN, Mathetian - - - Pittsburg
LUCIEN L. MITCHELL, Garlander - Fayetteville
EDITH DAVIES, X Ω - - - - Fayetteville
JOHN WALKER GOINGS - - - - Boston

MARY F. HAMILTON, X Ω, Mathetian Fayetteville
LIZZIE CROZIER, Δ Φ, Mathetian - Dutch Mills
RHEA CLEVELAND, - - - - - Fayetteville
Terpsichorean Club.
SAM L. HENDERSON, K A, Mathetian - Fayetteville
BESSIE HUDGINS, - - - - - Fayetteville
Love's Chemistry and the Like.
HAZEL YATES, - - - - - - Fayetteville
WILL LYNN ALEXANDER - - - Searcy
MARGIE BELL - - - - - - Fayetteville
INA FOREMAN, - - - Webbers Falls, I. T.
Dramatic Club; Mathetian.
DOROTHY BIBB, - - - - - - Fayetteville
KATE GODDARD, - - - - - Fayetteville
STELLA HOLT, Mathetian - - - Harrison
LOLA HILL, X Ω - - - - - Fayetteville
MRS. BROWN - - - - - - Fayetteville
MRS. BRUFFY - - - - - - Springdale
RUTH COLE - - - - - - - Fayetteville

$5.00?

Special and Freshman Classes

Normal Class.

The Normal Class

R. J. Nelson, Class President, Principal Musician Garlander - - - - - - - - - De Queen
W. O. Wilson, Class Vice-President, Sergeant Garlander - - - - - - - - - - Cabot
S. C. Swearinger, Class Secretary, Corporal Garlander - - - - - - - - - - Lee's Creek
Miss Margaret Bayette, Class Treasurer - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Hamburg
Miss Zena Chitwood, Class Historian - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Paris
W. E. Sauter, Class Prophet - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Magnolia
W. W. Cartwright, Class Orator, Garlander - - - - - - - - - - - Mountain View
J. R. Wilson, Class Poet, Garlander - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Morgan
B. Mitchell, Corporal Garlander - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Gillett
Thos. E. Sauter - Magnolia
Nellie Key - Fayetteville
J. W. C. Going - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pocahontas
A. D. Whitehead, Garlander - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Taylor
H. H. Morgan, Garlander - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mt. Holly
O. H. Winn - Russellville
W. J. Peterson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Fayetteville
Pitts Warnack - Seba

Law Department

Goar Lyceum

(Named in Honor of the Late Judge F. M. Goar, Dean.

MOTTO:

Virtute Duci Fama et Honore Fuit.

OFFICERS

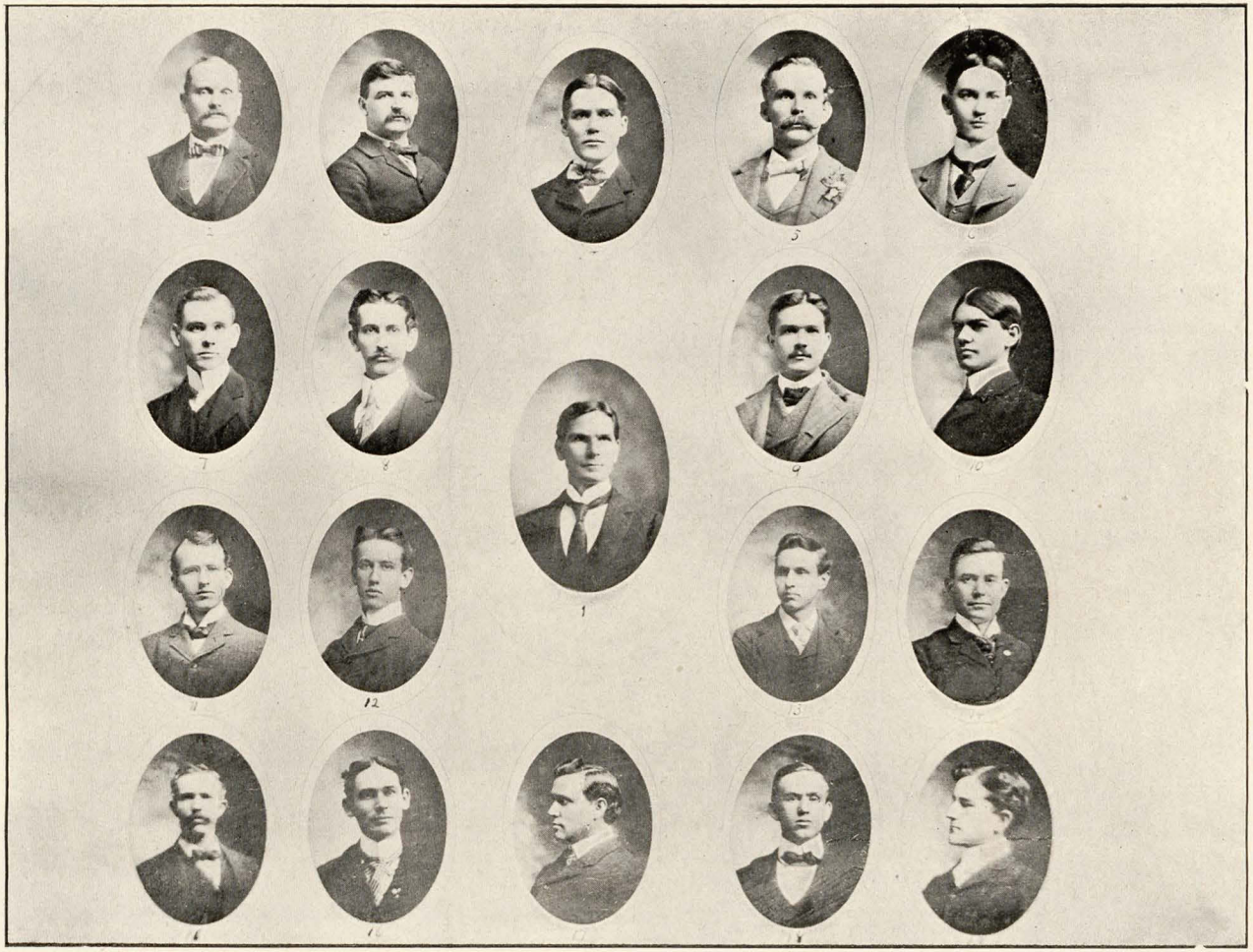
FIRST TERM—President, J. H. VENABLE
Vice-President, C. T. COTHAM
Secretary, R. T. QUINN

SECOND TERM—President, C. T. COTHAM
Vice-President, T. B. NORFLEET
Secretary, GEO. F. FOWLER

C. T. COTHAM - - - - - - - - - - - - Lyceum Commencement Orator
T. B. NORFLEET - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Senior Commencement Orator
GEO. F. FOWLER - - - - - - - - Junior Commencement Orator; Associate Editor CARDINAL

ROLL

GEO. P. AUSTIN
W. C. AUSTIN
W. B. BROOKS
C. T. COTHAM
FRANK DODGE
T. T. DICKINSON
G. M. HILL
J. H. JOHNSON
J. M. MOORE
W. F. NICHOLS
T. B. NORFLEET
W. S. PADEN
R. T. QUINN
F. W. RUSHING
H. G. THOMPSON
GEO. F. FOWLER
J. H. VENABLE
CHAS. WATKINS
J. P. WOOTEN



Law Class.

Military Department

Staff

Capt. Geo. K. Spencer, U. S. A., Commandant of Cadets - - - - - Colonel

J. W. Baxter - - - - - - - - - - - 2nd Lieutenant and Adjutant

T. C. Treadway - - - - - - - - - - 2nd Lieutenant and Quartermaster

B. F. Davis - - - - - - - - - - 2nd Lieutenant and Adjutant 1st Battalion

Carl Sadler - - - - - - - - - 2nd Lieutenant and Adjutant 2nd Battalion

Non-Commissioned Staff

Geo. V. Prall - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Sergeant-Major

Rathburn Alden - - - - - - - - - - - Quartermaster-Sergeant

Commandant and Staff.

Company Commanders.

Captains

W. E. Babb	Captain Co. "A"
H. L. Ross	Captain Co. "B"
C. C. Curry	Captain Co. "C"
U. H. Cochrane	Captain Co. "D"
F. I. Brown	Captain Co. "E"
L. L. Newman	Captain Co. "F"

Officers

Capt. Geo. K. Spencer, U. S. - - - - - - - - - Commandant
G. A. Vincenheller - - - - - - - - - Major 1st Battalion
J. Collier - - - - - - - - - - - Major 2nd Battalion

Captains

Babb Ross Curry Cochrane Brown Newman

1st Lieutenants

Wasson Howell Smith Wilson Wilkinson Triplett

2nd Lieutenants

Brown Freeman Henderson Buchanan Hudgins
Barton Baxter Sadler Treadway Davis
Herron (Band) Sanders (Band) Worthley (Band)

Cadet Officers.

Company A

W. E. Babb - - - - - - - - - - Captain
A. W. Wasson - - - - - - - - First Lieutenant
R. B. Barton - - - - - - - - Second Lieutenant
R. Alden - - - - - - - - - First Sergeant

Sergeants

Ware, B. P.
Bell, R. D.
Mitchell, S. A.
Meyer, P. D.

Corporals

Wilson, W. O.
McLaughlin, W. H.
Holt, C. L.,
Muller, J. F.

Privates

Algire, G. W.
Bleakley, B. M.
Beard, A. H.
Bell, G. H.
Berry, F. H.
Bloom, J. R.
Carroll, W. M.
Chapman, E. M.
Chapple, E. W.
Cullens, R.
Delany, A. D.
Davis, J. R.
Elza, C. F.
Faver, E. M.
Ferguson, E. F.
Foreman, C. D.
George, W.
Gisch, O. A.
Harkey, O. N.
Harrison, R. Y.
Howell, Elmo.
James, J. J.
Jordan, E. A.
Jones, C. W.
Kilgore, J. B.
Little, E. D.
Lasader, J. A.
Mackey, E.
Meiser, J. G.
Marshall, H. E.
Mons, L. A.
McCaleb, J. A.
McCown, L. F.
Nordmeyer, C. D.
Olmstead, G. M.
Ragland, H. S.
Rice, D.
Sims, A. L.
Smith, A. M.
Stanford, A. F.
Stearnes, H. G.
Taylor, Rupert
Woods, C. R.
Williams, R. W.
Womack, J. P.

Promotions

Triplett, C. H., to First Lieutenant, assigned to Company F
Barton, R. B., vice Triplett
Alden, R., to Quartermaster Sergeant
Ware, B. P., to First Sergeant, assigned to Company A
Wilson, W. O., to Sergeant, assigned to Company D
Marshall, H. E., to Corporal, assigned to Company B

Company B

H. L. Ross - - - - - - - - - - Captain
E. L. Howell - - - - - - - - First Lieutenant
W. A. Freeman - - - - - - - Second Lieutenant
R. D. Mesler - - - - - - - - First Sergeant

Sergeants

Gibson, F. I.
Mooring, D. C.
Chapman, J.
Gladson, A. J.

Corporals

Cook, L. J.
Curry, R. E.
Austin, R. E. L.
Conway, C. N.

Privates

Ambrose, E.
Beauchamp, J. L.
Borders, J. M.
Blaycock, J. C.
Butler, R.
Casey, L. E.
Cleveland, G. W.
Crownover, C.
Deane, S. E.
Dearing, W. N.
Dunlap, D. W.
Evins, B.
Ferguson, U. G.
Gates, A. L.
Grav, F. A.
Hendrix, H. J.
Honnet, A. M.
Hurst, G. A.
Johnson, W. B.
Joiner, F.
Jones, R. R.
Kerlin, R. S.
Kibbe, J. W.
Lide, J. E.
Love, L. E.
Martin, J. M.
Mullins, T. J.
McAndrews, R. H.
McGaughy, H. J.
Neel, A. C.
Nickell, W. G.
Old, E. C.
Pitman, W. O.
Rankin, P.
Reid, C. W.
Shinn, W. E.
Stockard, G. G.
Summers, W. H.
Taylor, C. F.
Thompson, A. A.
Vanderslice, W. A.
Wilson, J. R.

Promotions

Cook, L. G., to Sergeant, assigned to Company A

Company C

C. C. Curry - - - - - - - - - - Captain
C. Smith - - - - - - - - - - First Lieutenant
H. S. Brown - - - - - - - - Second Lieutenant
W. Clancy - - - - - - - - - First Sergeant

Sergeants

Covington, B. G.
Langford, B. W.
Brewster, H.
Mulkey, M. H.

Corporals

Knott, V. P.
Wood, C. F.
Hill, H. B.
Abercrombie, J. S.

Privates

Baldwin, H. C.
Brack, E.
Bradshaw, R. A.
Blackmer, A. H.
Bell, T. W.
Catts, E. C.
Clegg, C. B.
Dickinson, W. E.
Dunn, F. L.
Ferguson, J. E.
Goings, J. W. A.
Griesen, J. F.
Graham, H.
Holthoff, C. H.
Hooper, E. K.
Johns, R. H.
Jones, H. E.
Kimbrough, W. W.
Keeler, E. L. L.
Little, J. G.
Loper, F. M.
Mitchell, L.
Martin, N.
Mitchell, B.
McCray, W. E.
Mullins, G. W.
Noble, L. J.
Oates, C. E.
Payne, S. S.
Risser, T. S.
Reichardt, W. F.
Sisemore, E.
Stidham, J. A.
Thomas, W. F.
Tate, J. D.
Walls, J. T.
Wilson, H. J.
Whitehead, A. D.
Wolf, H.

Promotions

Mitchell, B., to Corporal, assigned to Company A

Company D

V. H. Cochrane - - - - - - - - Captain
H. H. Wilson - - - - - - - First Lieutenant
G. D. Henderson - - - - - - Second Lieutenant
G. Stubblefield - - - - - - First Sergeant

Sergeants

Lester, R.
Hayes, G. G.
Phillips, C. O.
Jagersfeld, C. V.

Corporals

Leverette, E. V.
Scott, P. D.
Swearengen, S. C.
Harris, W. M.

Privates

Austin, E. E.
Bryan, L. B.
Byrne, L. R.
Bowers, H. B.
Baker, S. R.
Beeler, L. L.
Bird, R. P.
Garuthers, N. W.
Conway, W. B.
Davis, S. G.
Davis, J. B.
Dowell, B. G.
Eudaly, A. C.
Greenoe, J. C.
Harkey, R. L.
Hipolite, C. E.
Howard, A. S.
James, R. A.
Lany, S. T.
Lewis, J. P.
Muller, E. M.
Meiser, W. B.
Morgan, H. H.
Morrow, D. B.
Mays, G. F.
Mullens, L. C.
Parker, W. C.
Pope, A. D.
Pool, Y.
Pope, A. D.
Quarles, T. R.
Rose, J. E.
Roberts, J. C.
Reeves C. M.
Stifft, P. W.
Souter, T. E.
Snapp, W. L.
Vaulx, G. W.
Wood, R. H.
Womack, J. A.
Whitlow, C. B.

Promotions

Jägersfeld, C. V., to Color Sergeant

Company E

F. I. Brown - - - - - - - - - - Captain
W. N. Wilkinson - - - - - - First Lieutenant
H. E. Buchanan - - - - - - Second Lieutenant
J. L. McConnell - - - - - - - First Sergeant

Sergeants

Hight, W.
McGehee, A.
Daniels, H. T.
Archer, E. T.

Corporals

Ramsey, C. C.
Horsefall, J. E.
Cotton, M. L.
Holt, F. W.

Privates

Ash, W. H.
Burrows, E. P.
Bickle, A.
Birdsong, T. C.
Buckner, R.
Boles, E. C.
Clark, E.
Cochrane, L. A.
Croom, C.
Conway, G. L.
Dickinson, W. D.
Dyer, C. G.
Epstein, C. R.
Franks, S. E.
Grace, G. A.
Harrison, C. D.
Hodges, E. E.
Hall, W. B.
Holt, S. J.
Harding, A. M.
Jackson, B.
Kennedy, J. D.
Kineabrew, A. D.
Lewis, L.
Marr, R. B.
Milum, R. W.
Mundoll, C. N.
McKennon, B. C.
McGehee, B.
Pratt, D. H.
Pearson, J. B.
Purdy, W. C.
Peterson, W. J.
Robinson, D. T.
Rankin, E. H.
Rogers, S. W.
Souter, W. E.
Seamans, P. S.
Sessions, R. T.
Thompson, A. S.
Thompson, C. E.
Van Valkenburgh, H. B.
Wise, A. H.
Womack, W. V.
Womack, R. E.

Company F

L. L. Newman - - - - - - - - - Captain
C. McRae - - - - - - - - - First Lieutenant
W. H. Hudgins - - - - - - Second Lieutenant
J. F. Govan - - - - - - - - First Sergeant

Sergeants

Briggs, O. D.
Middleton, R. J.
Ellis, W. Y.
Davis, T.

Corporals

Rife, W. B.
Gray, C. W.
Wood, Clark.
Ruggles, W. A.

Privates

Allen, L. B.
Barber, G. W.
Bridewell, E. M.
Brooks, B.
Brockman, E. W.
Buckner, G. L.
Cravens, E. F.
Connellee, Chas.
Castleberry, W. L.
Darwin, W. M.
Eason, A. P.
Evins, H. H.
Freeman, W. M.
Garretson, W. B.
Hackett, S. B.
Hammock, C.
Harrison, V. M.
Joiner, J. E.
James, J. M.
Kemp, J. A. C.
Kirby, W. R.
Legate, R. H.
Mitchell, L. T.
McCray, J. B.
Maguire, W. J.
Oakes, G. C.
Pratt, F. H.
Phillips, T. W.
Prince, W. H.
Pool, G.
Parker, W. B.
Rogers, J. A.
Reeder, R. O.
Sanders, G. T.
Shepherd, W. L.
Sullivant, M.
Smith, W. H.
Stainton, E. H.
Shultz, H. L.
Taber, G. D.
Thompson, C.
Thompson, H.
Wainwright, J.
Webster, F.

Order No. 8.—"The band will report at Studio next Saturday promptly at 10:30."

The Result.

University of Arkansas Band.

Band

T. E. Sanders - - - - - - - - - - - - First Lieutenant, Commanding Band
M. R. Herron - - - - - - - - - - - - - First Lieutenant, Leader of Band
L. E. Worthley - - - - - - - - - - Second Lieutenant, Assistant Leader of Band
J. L. Dunn - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Principal Musician
R. J. Nelson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Principal Musician
F. M. Billings - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Principal Musician
F. E. Buchanan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Sergeant of Band
E. L. L. Keeler - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Drum Major

PRIVATES

F. H. Davis
W. F. Dunn
O. T. Jenkins
D. Jones
C. W. Herron
S. M. Maloy
E. R. Norton
C. R. Pate
W. F. Reichardt
G. A. Watkins
G. W. Worthley

TRUMPET CORPS

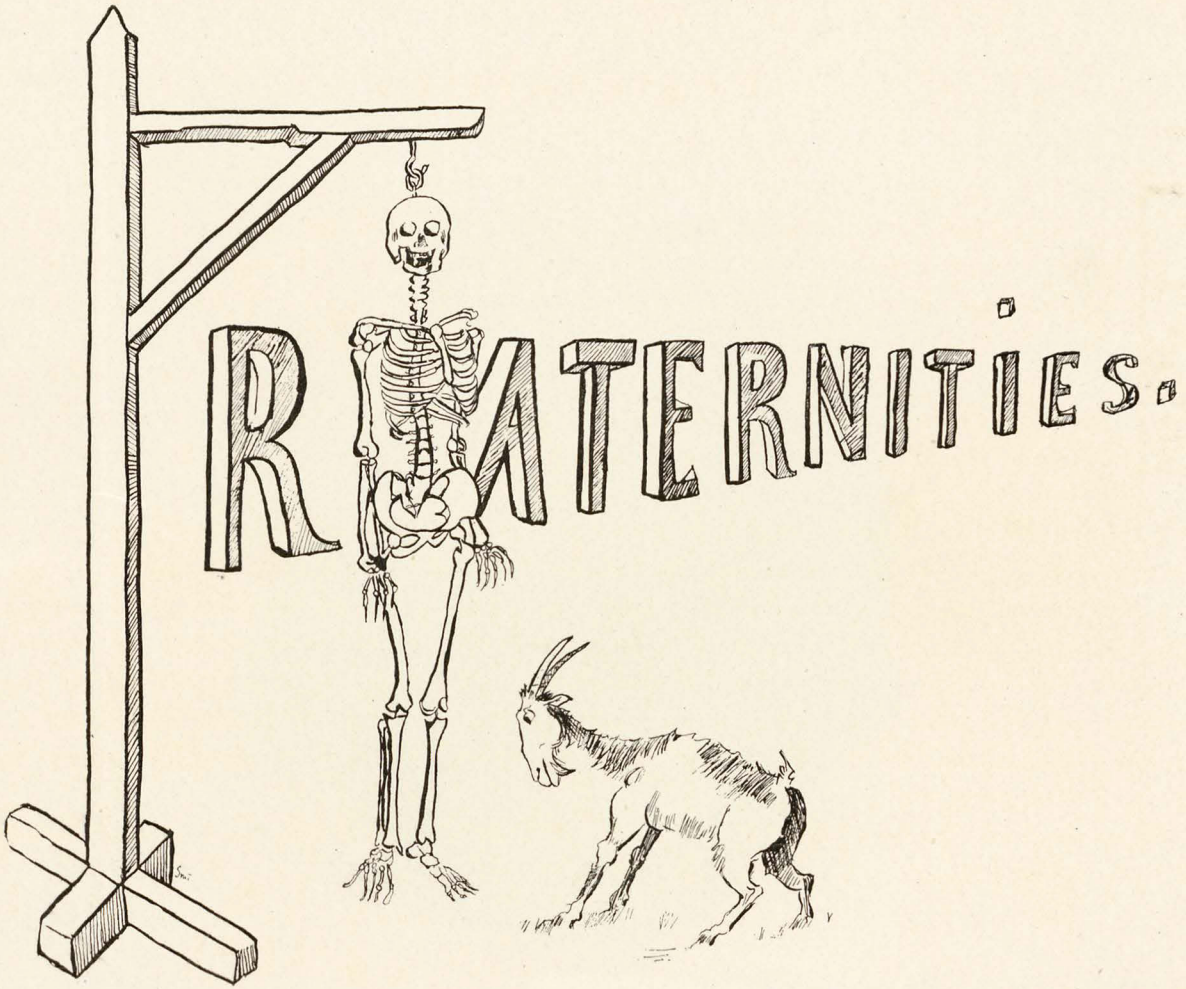
R. J. Ashby
J. W. Albright
J. D. Beakley
Ralph Cazort
J. R. Horton
G. Daily

Fraternities

HE Fraternities which follow in the order of their founding at this University are good representatives of what is called Greek Letter Societies. Their existence as such may be dated from about eighteen and thirty, when a quasi revival of Greek influence came over our English Literature and Art. They represent the Greek idea of Brotherhood, not in contrast, but as associated with the Christian; and, although their ideals may be different, each Fraternity will be found to have for the principles of its existence the development of the brightest in either the social, the moral, or the spiritual life,—the pursuit of learning and the gaining of wisdom being considered the necessary precondition to this development.

The Fraternities engender a friendly rivalry for college honors, but among themselves and among the student body as a whole,—thus throwing into University life a thrill of animated effort which, though young, is vigorous and true, and makes, as competition in trade, the rivalry for University honors the life of University progress. The particular good of a Fraternity to its members is a social one or, I might say, a family one, the association of student with student, as brother with brother, which in a way compensates for the loss of home surroundings and makes him independent of any influences that he might think should be avoided. Thus the mind being shaped for higher destinies is early taught to practice that most commendable virtue of our human society, that of Universal Brotherhood.

Fraternities in the order of their entrance at the University of Arkansas, are as follows: Kappa Sigma, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Kappa Alpha, Chi Omega, and Delta Phi.


FRATERNITIES.

Α. Ε. Κ. Δ. Β.
ΚΣ
1400
1867
BONONIA
DOCET
ΟΗΕΒ ΕΙΟΙΗ
ΣΟΦΙΑ
ΧΡΗΜΑΤΑ
ΚΑΙ
ΔΥΝΑΜΙΣ
ΚΑΡΤΕΡΙΑ
ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ
ΔΙΚΗ
ΠΙΣΤΟΤΗΣ
SEMPER

Dreka, Phila.

Kappa Sigma

Founded 1867, University of Virginia
Entered U. of A. 1890

Yell

RAH! RAH! RAH!
CRESCENT AND THE STAR,
VIVE LA, VIVE LA,
KAPPA SIGMA!

Xi Chapter Yell

HIRO, HIRO, HIRO, HI!
KAPPA SIGMA, DO OR DIE! XI!

Colors

Old Gold, Maroon, and Peacock Blue

Magazine

The Coduceus of Kappa Sigma

Fratres in Facultate

JOHN C. FUTRALL
BERTON N. WILSON

Fratres in Urbe

CHAS. RICHARDSON J. J. VAULX L. B. STONE
T. H. HUMPHREYS GARRET DUNCAN

Fratres in Universitate

Seniors

W. A. CRAWFORD JESSE H. DAVIS
ELMER C. KNOTT HERVEY L. ROSS
CHAS. H. TRIPLETT

Junior

RICHARD B. BARTON

Sophomores

ROBERT DAVIS BELL THOS. DAVIS, JR.
ABNER MCGEHEE JEAN COOK
HENRY B. JORDON SAMUEL MITCHEL
VIRGIL PROCTER KNOTT C. NEAL BELL
ROBERT J. MIDDLETON

Special

JAMES LEE DUNN DANIEL L. GRAY BAXTER PAUL WARE

Chapter Roll.

DISTRICT I

Psi—University of Maine, Orono, Me.
Alpha Rho—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.
Alpha Lambda—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
Beta Alpha—Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Alpha Kappa—Cornell University, Ithaca N. Y.

DISTRICT II

Pi—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa.
Alpha Eta—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Delta—Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa.
Alpha Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Phi—Buchnell University, Lewisburg, Pa.
Beta Delta—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Alpha Alpha—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
Beta Iota—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.

DISTRICT III

Zeta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Eta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Nu—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Upsilon—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Beta Beta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Delta—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Eta Prime—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha Mu—University of North Corolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

DISTRICT IV

Alpha Nu—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Alpha Beta—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Alpha Tau—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Beta—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
Beta Eta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Beta Lambda—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

DISTRICT V

Theta—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Lambda—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Omega—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha Theta—Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson, Tenn.
Alpha Xi—Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.
Alpha Omicron—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.

DISTRICT VI

Alpha Upsilon—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Epsilon—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
Sigma—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Iota—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex.
Tau—University of Texas, Austin, Tex.

DISTRICT VII

Xi—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha Omega—William Jewel College, Liberty, Mo.
Beta Gamma—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha Psi—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

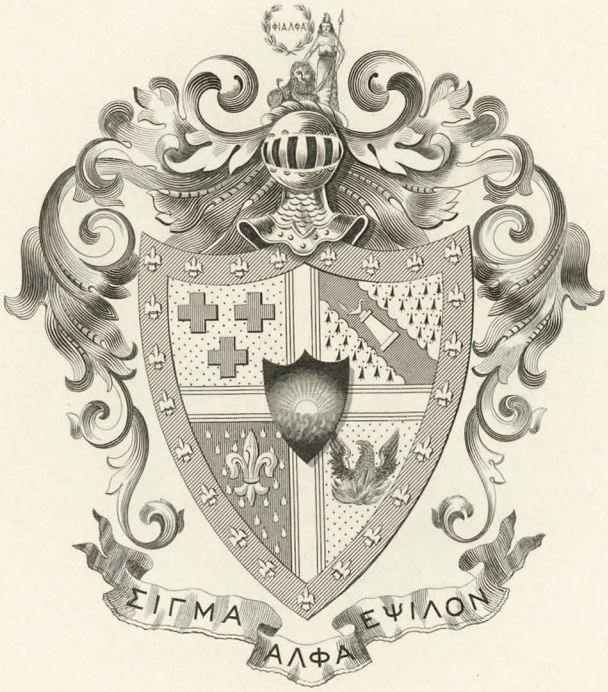
DISTRICT VIII

Alpha Sigma—Ohio State University, Columbus, O.
Chi—Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.
Alpha Pi—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Beta Theta—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.
Alpha Gamma—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill.
Beta Epsilon—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

DISTRICT IX

Beta Zeta—Leland Stanford, Jr., University; Stanford University, Cal.

Kappa Sigma.



ELLIOTT PHILA

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Founded 1856, University of Alabama
Founded at U. of A. in 1894

Yell

PHI ALPHA, ALI COZEE
PHI ALPHA, ALI COZON
SIGMA ALPHA, SIGMA ALPHA,
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Flower

Violet

Colors

Royal Purple and Old Gold

Official Organ

The Record of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Frater in Facultate

DR. A. E. MENKE

Fratres in Urbe

GEORGE H. ASKEW
CHARLES D. ADAMS

Fratres in Universitate

Seniors

G. A. VINCENHELLER
THOMAS E. SANDERS

Juniors

FRED I. BROWN
JOSEPH F. GOVAN
B. GASTON COVINGTON
SCOTT WOOD
JOHN L. MCCONELL

Sophomores

ROY LESTER
EDWARD R. NORTON
WALTER F. REICHARDT
GUY C. WORTHLEY
FRED M. BILLINGS
JAMES F. MULLER
EDWARD W. MCALESTER
ASHBEL C. NEEL
CARLTON C. RAMSEY

Chapter Roll

Alpha Mu—Alabama A. and M. College.
Alabama Mu—University of Alabama.
Alabama Iota—Southern University.
Arkansas Alpha Upsilon—University of Arkansas.
California Alpha—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
California Beta—University of California.
Colorado Chi—University of Colorado.
Colorado Zeta—University of Denver.
Connecticut Alpha—Trinity College.
Georgia Epsilon—Emory College.
Georgia Psi—Mercer University.
Georgia Beta—University of Georgia.
Georgia Phi—Georgia Institute of Technology.
Indiana Alpha—Franklin College.
Indiana Beta—Purdue University.
Illinois Beta—University of Illinois.
Iowa Sigma—Simpson College.
Kentucky Kappa—Central University.
Kentucky Iota—Bethel College.
Louisiana Tau Epsilon—Tulane University.
Louisiana Epsilon—Louisiana State University.
Maine—University of Maine.
Massachusetts Delta—Worcester Polytechnic Institute.
Massachusetts Iota Tau—Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Massachusetts Beta Epsilon—Boston University.
Massachusetts Gamma—Harvard University.
Michigan Iota Beta—University of Michigan.
Michigan Alpha—Adrian College.
Missouri Alpha, Fayette Branch—Central College.
Missouri Alpha—University of Missouri.
Missouri Beta—Washington University.
Mississippi Gamma—University of Mississippi.
Nebraska Lambda Pi—University of Nebraska.
New York Alpha—Cornell University.
New York Mu—Columbia University.
New York Sigma Phi—St. Stephens College.
North Carolina Theta—Davidson College.
North Carolina Xi—University of North Carolina.
Ohio Delta—Wesleyan College.
Ohio Sigma—Mount Union College.
Ohio Epsilon—University of Cincinnati.
Ohio Theta—Ohio State University.
Pennsylvania—University of Pennsylvania.
Pennsylvania Alpha Zeta—Pennsylvania State College.
Pennsylvania Sigma Phi—Dickinson College.
Pennsylvania Omega—Alleghany College.
Pennsylvania Zeta—Bucknell University.
South Carolina Gamma—Wofford College.
Tennessee Kappa—University of Tennessee.
Tennessee Mu—Vanderbilt University.
Tennessee Zeta—Southwestern Presbyterian University.
Tennessee Eta—Southwestern Baptist University.
Tennessee Lambda—Cumberland University.
Tennessee Omega—University of the South.
Texas Phi—University of Texas.
Virginia Omicron—University of Virginia.
Virginia Sigma—Washington and Lee University.

SIGMA ALPHA
U A
EPSILON
1901
J.E. MEAD
A.C. NEEL
ROY LESTER
FRED M. BILLINGS
G.E. RAMSEY
GAVIN LANGLEY
J.E. MCDONNELL
J.SCOTT WOOD

K . A .
EXCELSIOR
Fratres usque ad aram
1865

Kappa Alpha

Alpha Omicron Chapter

Yell

Hi! Rickety! Hoop la ray!
What's the matter with old K A?
Vive la! Vive la! Vive la! Say
Kappa Alpha! Rah! Rah! Ray!

Chapter Yell

Cling-a-ling! Cling-a-ling! Hoop la zoo!
Kappa Alpha! Rah! Rah! Roo!
Hooray! Hooray! Hullabaloo!
Alpha Omicron A. U!

Colors

Crimson and Old Gold

Flowers

Magnolia and Red Rose

Fratres in Urbe

William Hunt Rattenbury
Daniel Burford Lipsey

Fratres in Facultate

Prof. Albert Homer Purdue
Prof. Frank W. Pickel
Prof. William Andrew Treadway

Fratres in Universitate

Seniors

Edward Howell
Carlton McRae
Carl Leon Sadler
Benjamin Franklin Davis
Victor Hugo Cochrane
Harry Sanford Brown
George DeMatt Henderson

Juniors

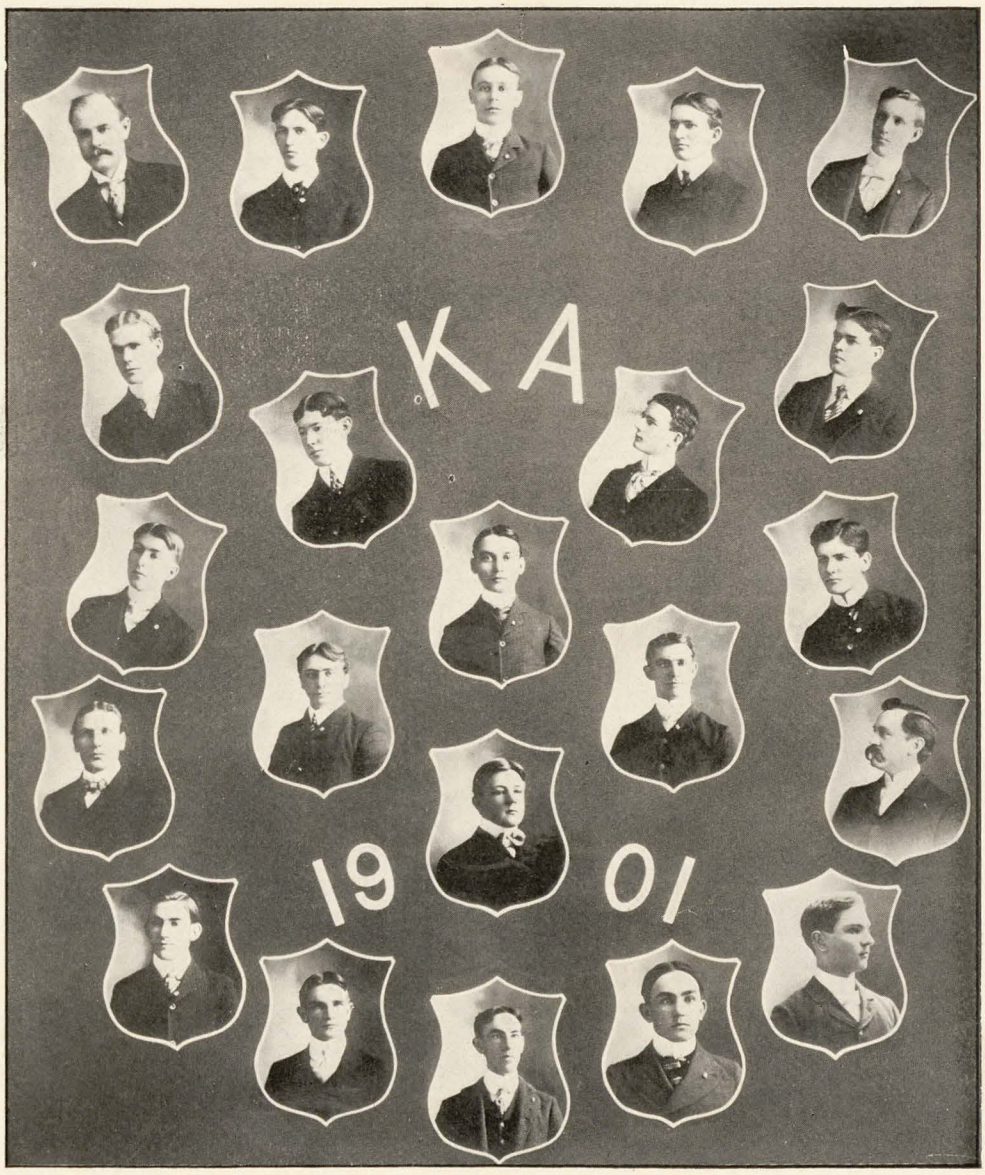
George V. Prall
William Clancy
Carl Smith
Calvin Clarence Curry
Alfred Washington Wasson
Houston Thomas Daniels
Herbert Earl Buchanan

Sophomores

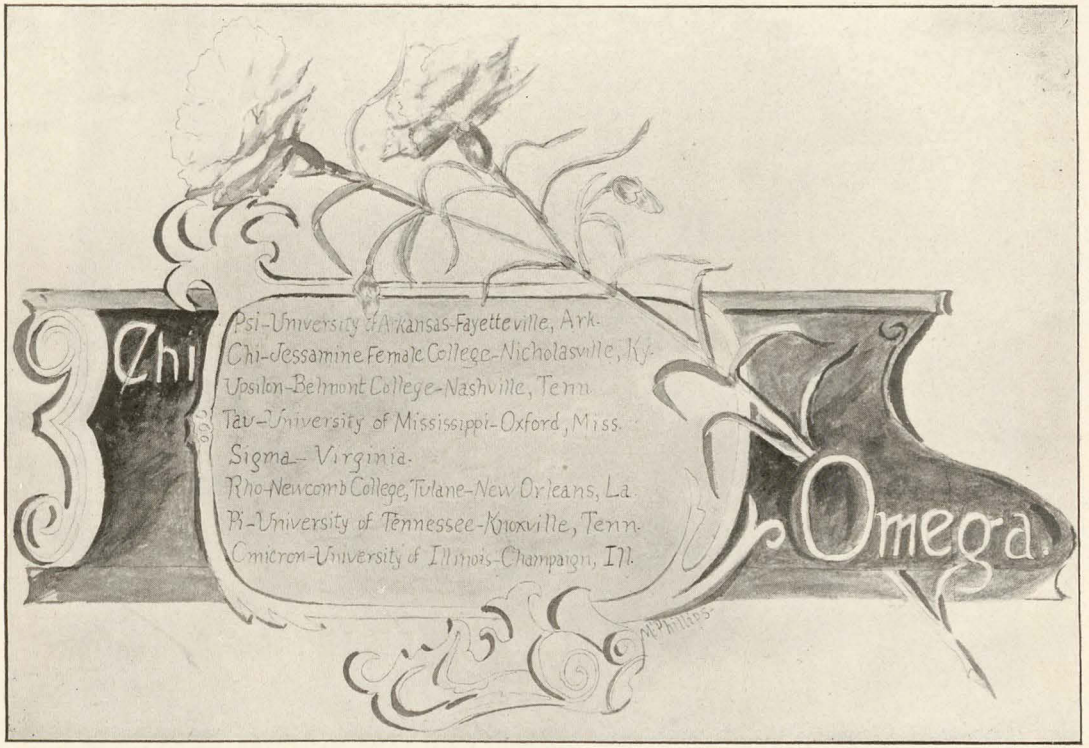
William Garland Hight
Fred W. Holt
Tevie Randolph Quarles
Rupert Taylor
Samuel Lenow Henderson

Chapter Roll

Alpha—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Delta—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Zeta—Randolph-Mocon College, Ashland, Va.
Theta—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Kappa—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Nu—Polytechnic Institute, A.&M.College, Auburn, Ala.
Omicron—University of Texas, Austin, Tex.
Rho—South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C.
Upsilon—University of North Corolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Chi—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Omega—Centre College, Danville, Ky.
Alpha Beta—University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Alpha Delta—William Terrel College, Liberty, Mo.
Alpha Zeta—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
Alpha Theta—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.
Alpha Kappa—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha Mu—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha Omicron—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha Pi—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Palo Alto, Cal.
Gamma—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Epsilon—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Eta—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Iota—Furman University, Greenville, S. C.
Lambda—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Xi—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Pi—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Sigma—Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C.
Phi—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
Psi—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Alpha Alpha—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Alpha Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Alpha Epsilon—S. W. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn.
Alpha Eta—Westminister College, Fulton, Mo.
Alpha Iota—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
Alpha Lambda—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha Nu—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha Xi—University of California, Berkely, Cal.



Kappa Alpha.


Chi
Omega.
Psi-University of Arkansas-Fayetteville, Ark.
Chi-Jessamine Female College-Nicholasville, Ky.
Upsilon-Belmont College-Nashville, Tenn.
Tau-University of Mississippi-Oxford, Miss.
Sigma-Virginia.
Rho-Newcomb College, Tulane-New Orleans, La.
Pi-University of Tennessee-Knoxville, Tenn.
Omicron-University of Illinois-Champaign, Ill.

Chi Omega

Psi Chapter
Founded at the U. of A. April 5, 1895

Yell

HIRO, KIRO, RAH, RAH, RAH
CARDINAL, CARDINAL, STRAW, STRAW, STRAW
WAU HOO, WAU HOO, RIP, RIP, RIP
CHI OMEGA, ZIP, ZIP, ZIP

Flower

White Carnation

Colors

Cardinal and Straw

Magazine

The Eleusis

Sorores in Facultate

CLARA EARLE

JOBELLE HOLCOMB

Sorores in Urbe

IDA PACE PURDUE
JEANNE M. VINCENHELLER
MARY ELEANOR DUNCAN
CORA WOOD
LOLA HILL
MARY FORT HAMILTON

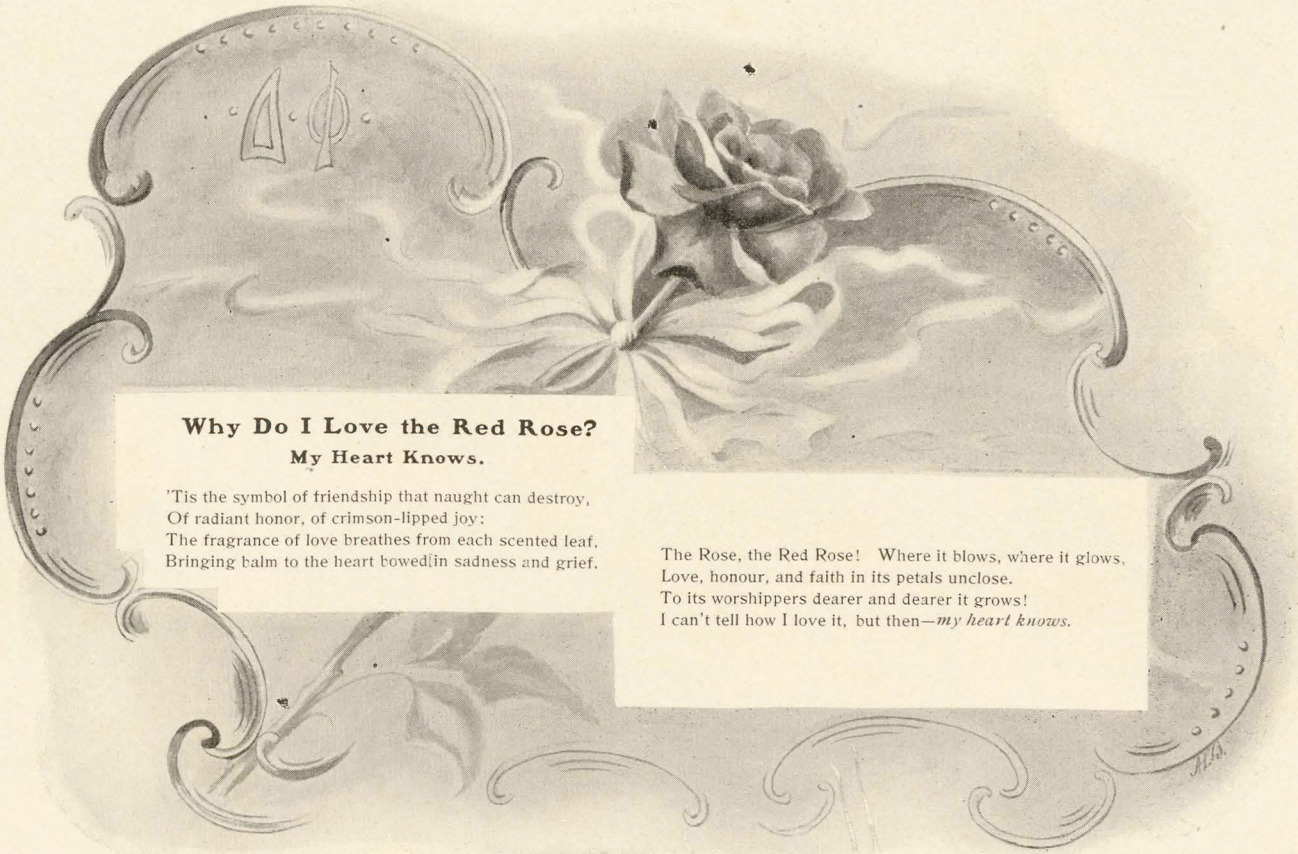
Sorores in Universitate

NANCY ELLEN ASKEW '01
LUCY IDA ROSS '01
OLIVE S. WEBSTER '01
ROWENA GALLAWAY '02
MIRIAM EDITH AUSTIN '02
OLIVE G. GATLING '03
HORTON CLAYTON LAKE '03
EDITH COBB DAVIES '02
MABEL G. PHILLIPS '03
FLORIDA READ '03

Chi Omega.

ΔΦ
Φιλία
Καὶ Τέχνη

The Red Rose



Why Do I Love the Red Rose?

My Heart Knows.

'Tis the symbol of friendship that naught can destroy,
Of radiant honor, of crimson-lipped joy:
The fragrance of love breathes from each scented leaf,
Bringing balm to the heart bowed in sadness and grief.

The Rose, the Red Rose! Where it blows, where it glows,
Love, honour, and faith in its petals unclose.
To its worshippers dearer and dearer it grows!
I can't tell how I love it, but then—*my heart knows.*

Delta Phi

Alpha Chapter
Founded 1897, University of Arkansas

Yell

Tara loo! Tara loo!
Hi hippi hi!
True blue, sky blue,
Delta Phi!

Color — Light Blue
Flower — Red Rose
Patron Goddess — Palas Athene
Tree — Olive

Sorores in Urbe

Bessie Cecelia Byrnes — Bess Kell
Maime Eugenia May — Katherine Patterson
Daisy Blanch Patterson

Sorores in Universitate

Birdie Bertha Cook, '03 — Elizabeth Crozier, '02
Leila Ruth Droke, '03 — Eleanor Vaulx, '03
Francis Marie Smith, '01 — Mabel Sutton, '02
Hattie Clementine Melton, '03

Sorores in Facultate

Mary Davis — Allie Bush Deupree

Alumnae

Madge Bates
Margaret Baker
Irene Gainor Burgess
Amanda Ann Eld
Carrie Howell
Virginia Adele Isbell
Edith Lena Burgess
Mrs. Henry Melton
Mrs. John Blair
Mrs. Lucien Beavers
Mrs. Oliver Lewis Cravens
Mrs. Robert Melvin Forbes
Mrs. Donald K. Hawthorne
Mrs. Willey Howell
Mrs. Andrew J. Vaughn
Mrs. G. B. Wood
Ruby King
Anna Margaret Laird
Annie Newton Morrow
Margaret Scott
Maitie Williams
Hattie E. Williams
Winona Wiley
Mrs. T. A. Edwards

Sponsores

Mrs. J. Vol Walker — Mrs. Albert E. Menke — Mrs. John C. Futrall — Mrs. H. King Wade

Delta Phi.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Mathetian Literary Society.

Mathetian Literary Society

HE MATHETIAN Literary Society was founded in 1873 by a band of eleven students who declared the principles of their organization in the following preamble to their constitution: "We, the undersigned, declare ourselves an association for mental improvement, and, in the pursuit of this object, we desire at all times to exhibit a due consideration for the opinion and feelings of others, to maintain a perfect command of temper in all our intercourse, to seek for truth in all our exercises."

Since this time the fortunes of the Mathetian Society have been very checkered. It has had many troubles both external and internal. It has had many experiences, beginning with a contest between the Board of Trustees and itself as to the time of meeting. For some time the members had been meeting on Friday evening but the Board decided that it was not right and proper to meet then. Later in its history is a record of two revolutions in the Society. The first was led by the young ladies. They drove into exile the young men who founded the Grady Society. But this state of affairs did not continue long. The young men were taken back. But they had not forgotten and in turn exiled the young ladies. At last the young ladies came back, and so it has been since.

Among the former Mathetian members are found some not wholly unknown to the people of the state to-day. Several teachers of the University have been Mathetians. Of these are Professor G. W. Droke, Miss Ella Carnall, now deceased, Miss Naomi Williams and Miss Ida Pace, now Mrs. A. H. Purdue. The best known of the other members is Hon Carrol D. Wood, now Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court.

Mathetian Officers

First Term		Second Term	
George Virgil Prall, K A	President	Richard Bethel Barton, K Σ	President
Olive Gatling, X Ω	Secretary	Elizabeth Pearle Wiley	Secretary
Fred. W. Holt, K A	Vice President	Mabel Sutton, Δ Φ	Vice President
Alfred W. Wasson, K A	Treasurer	Leila Droke, Δ Φ	Treasurer
John W. Baxter	Attorney	George Virgil Prall, K A	Attorney
A. Honnett	Sergeant-at-Arms	Herbert Buchanan, K A	Sergeant-at-Arms

MATHETIAN ROLL

Richard B. Barton
John W. Baxter
Herbert E. Buchanan
B. F. Davis
Leila Droke
Josie Droke
Earl W. Chapple
Olive Gatling
Fred W. Holt
Alfonso Honnett
Abner McGehee
Horton Lake
Carl von Jagersfeldt
Samuel Mitchell
Joe Govan
Harry Brown
Sam Henderson
Benjamin Kemple
Clifton Gray
George Prall
Rupert Taylor
W. G. Stubblefield
Alfred W. Wasson
Ed. Howell
Myrtle Wilson
N. Percy Pope
Carl Ramsey
Sue Quesenbury
Mabel Sutton
Demmie Stubblefield
Pearle Wiley
Garfield W. Stubblefield
Elmer Knott
Clark Wood
Fred Brown
Margaret Boyette
Eileen Hamilton
Emma Brown
Guy Hudgins
Bessie Hudgins
Frank Loper
Miss Chandler
Ethel Hill
Ina Foreman

HONORARY MEMBERS

Professor Droke Dr. Lewis Professor Shannon Miss Allie Deupree Ada Pace

Garland Literary Society

IN THE SPRING of 1886 a small body of young men from the Preparatory Department of the University of Arkansas met in a small room on the fourth floor of the University building to found a literary society for the cultivation of those attainments which an organization of the kind affords. As was characteristic of the exalted spirit of these young gentlemen, a christening for the society was desired that would ever be an emblem of respect and honor. So it was called the Garland Literary Society, in memory of one of Arkansas' most distinguished men, Augustus H. Garland, and it has ever since endeavored to prove itself worthy of that illustrious name. The path of the society has not, however, been lighted up with continual sunshine, but nevertheless the growth has been steady enough to give it that stability which can never be possessed by a body of more rapid development. In 1897 the membership had reached such a proportion that it became necessary to move from the little "two by four" apartment in which it had so long taken up its abode, to a more spacious hall in the north side of the University building. This exodus marks the beginning of the most glorious period of the society's history. With enlarged room, which every aggressive body must have, improvement has been wonderful, although the ideal had almost been reached, so to speak. The knowledge of parliamentary usages is hardly surpassed, and at every meeting the bounding walls are made to reverberate with that profound eloquence which is the natural outcome of every true Garlander. Perhaps one of the most potent factors in the progress of the Garland is that it has had constantly the support of an indulgent faculty. The honorary members from that body have at every opportunity promoted its interests For this the Garlanders will ever retain in their hearts a feeling of the deepest gratitude. One feature of the Garland is that it was organized absolutely for the male students of the Preparatory Department. That it has digressed from the intentions of its early originators is evidenced by the fact that it is now composed of members from every class in the University, and is no longer known as a "Prep" society. In the long list of University alumni, whose achievements are the great pride of the institution, the Garland Literary Society has its share, and these successes are without a doubt due to that motto, "*Nulla Vastigia Retrosa*—no steps backward."

Garland Literary Society

Officers

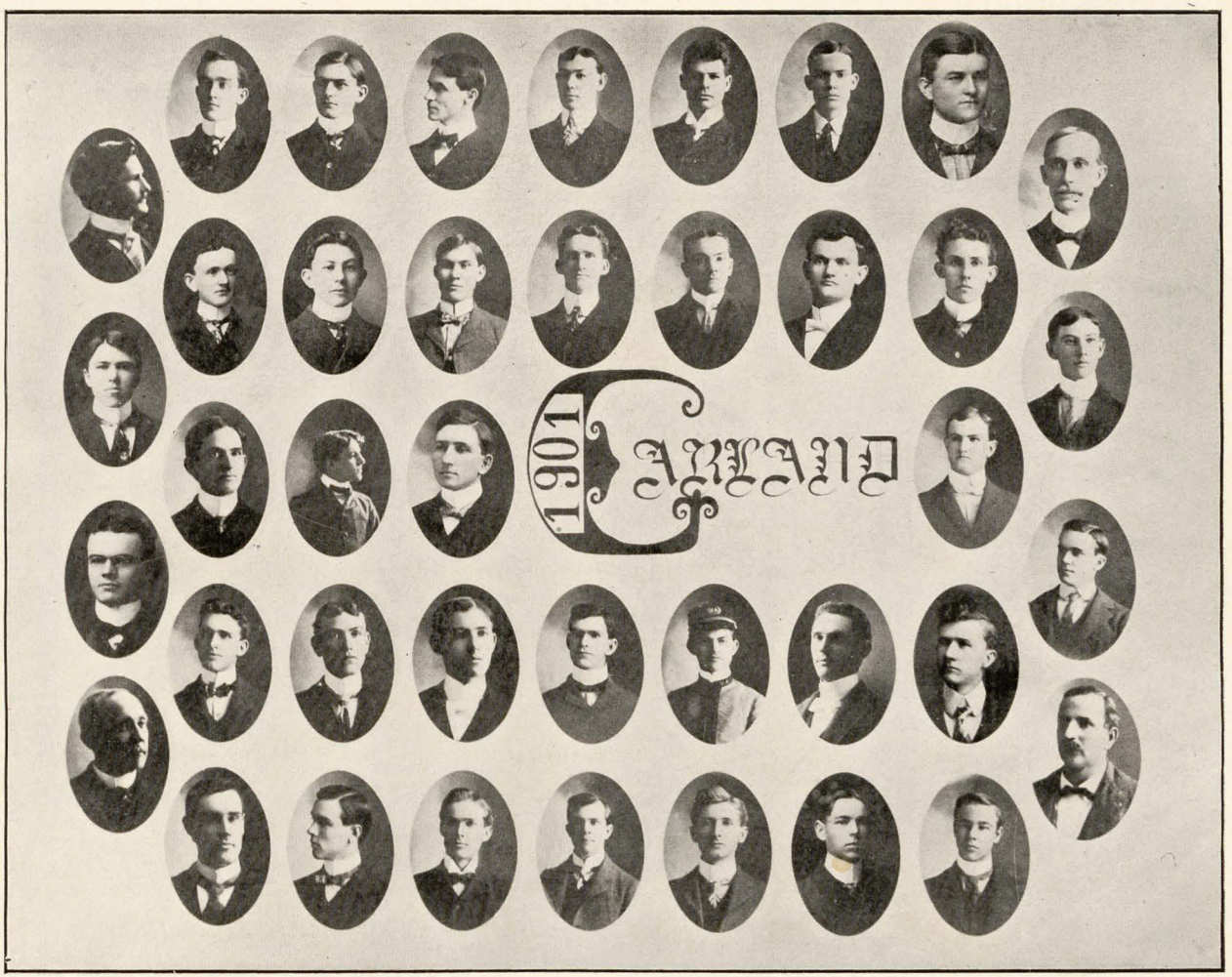
J. D. Beakley	President
W. O. Wilson	Vice-President
T. E. Rutherford	Secretary
A. D. Dulaney	Attorney
B. W. Langford	Treasurer
H. H. Morgan	Critic
C. W. Jones	Marshall

MEMBERS

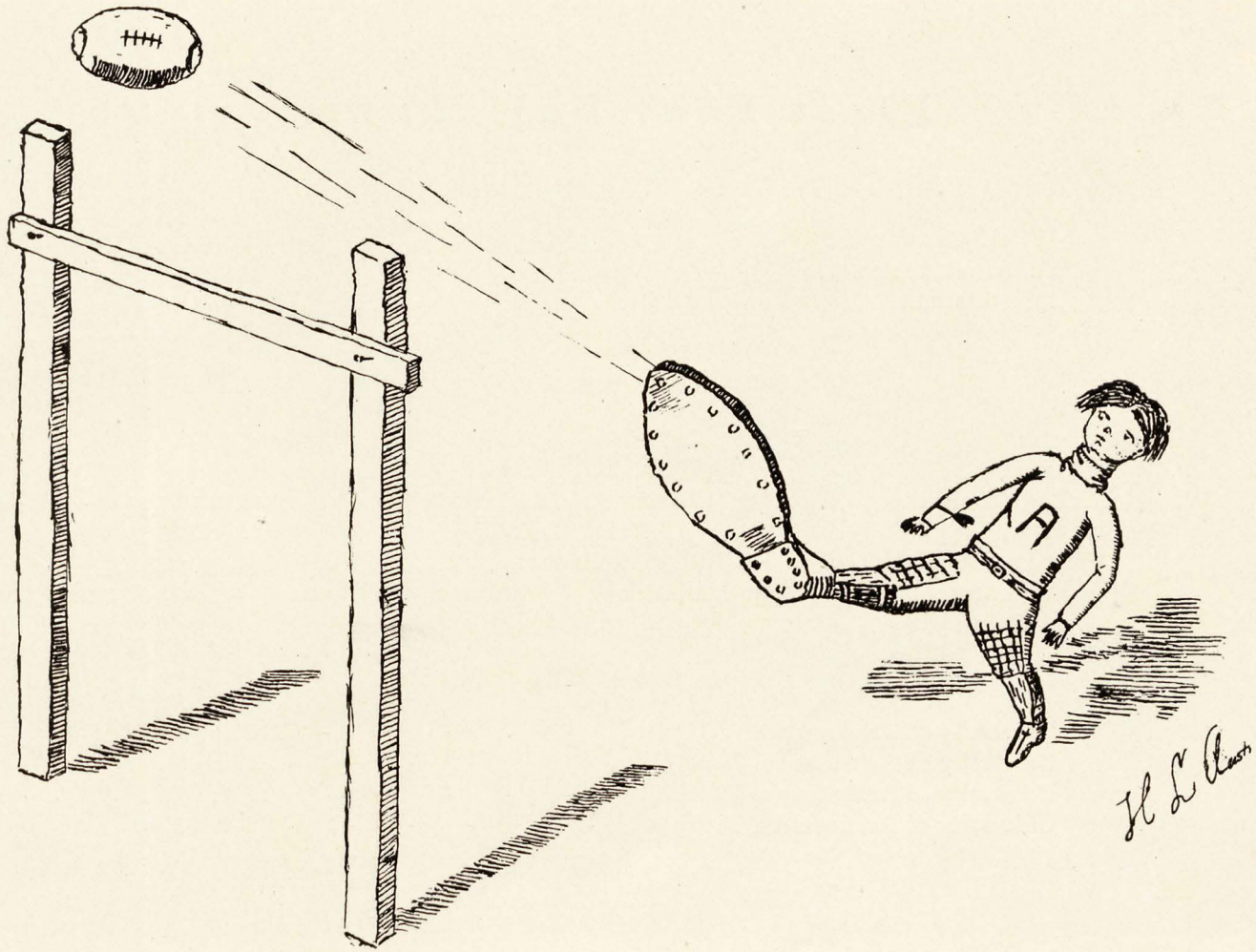
E. E. Austin
A. H. Beard
S. A. Bostick
O. D. Briggs
J. T. Collier
F. I. Gibson
W. M. Hraris
E. E. Harkess
R. L. Kerlin
S. T. Lary
M. J. Munn
H. H. Morgan
W. G. Pittman
W. B. Rife
M. Sullivant
S. C. Swearingen
W. N. Wilkinson
J. P. Womack
W. E. Babb
J. G. Blaylock
R. Butler
M. L. Cotton
E. R. Epstein
E. E. Hodge
J. T. Hendrix
C. W. James
J. L. Longino
R. H. Legate
L. J. Mundt
R. J. Nelson
L. J. Noble
S. W. Rogers
G. G. Stockard
H. B. Van Valkenburg
E. C. Williamson
O. H. Winn
B. M. Beakley
H. B. Bowers
O. R. Brown
W. W. Cartwright
E. Clarke
S. E. Franks
H. Hudgins
A. Hurst
G. W. Jordan
J. E. Lide
H. Marshall
D. Mitchell
G. C. Oaks
H. L. Ross
P. S. Seamans
A. Starbuck
A. D. Whitehead
J. R. Wilson

HONORARY MEMBERS

S. J. McLean B. J. Dunn G. A. Cole W. A. Crawford Junius Jordan E. F. Shannon



Garland Literary Society.



First Foot Ball Team

W. A. Crawford - - - - - - - - - - Manager
G. A. Vincenheller - - - - - - - - - - Captain
Dr. Searles - - - - - - - - - - - Coach

MEMBERS

Scott, Center

Little, Right Guard — Ruggles, Left Guard — **Substitutes**
Wood, C., Right Tackle — Beard, O., Left Tackle — Blackburn
McAndrews, Right End — Ellis, Left End — McConnell
Henderson, Right Half — Brown, F. I., Left Half — Sadler
Vincenheller, G. A., Quarter Back — Freeman, Full Back — Stubblefield

GAMES

University of Arkansas vs. Webb City - - - - - - 15 to 0
University of Arkansas vs. Joplin - - - - - - - - 6 to 6
University of Arkansas vs. Pierce City - - - - - 10 to 0
University of Arkansas vs. Drury - - - - - - - - 5 to 17

University of Arkansas Foot Ball Team.

Second Foot Ball Team

CHAS. CONWAY - - - - - - - - - - - Manager
H. S. RAGLAND - - - - - - - - - - - Captain

MEMBERS

MULLER
HARRISON
TABOR
BRYAN
BROWN, H.
RAGLAND
WOOD, F.
WILSON
CONNELLEE
MCCONNELL
BLACKBURN
EASON
BELL

GAMES

'Varsity vs. Springdale - - - - - - - - - - 61 to 0
'Varsity vs. Ft. Smith - - - - - - - - - - 6 to 0
'Varsity vs. Ft. Smith - - - - - - - - - - 36 to 6
'Varsity vs. Springdale - - - - - - - - - - 10 to 0

Tennis Club

Joe Govan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - President
Ed. McAlester - - - - - - - - - - Manager and Treasurer
Guy Watkins - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary

MEMBERS

Lester
Ramsey
Watkins
Meyer
Reichardt
McAlester
Quarles
Norton
Govan
Knott, E. C.

Joiner
McConnell
Gibson
Prince
McGehee
Loper
Mundt
Von Jagersfeldt
McAlister
Knott, V

Webster
Brown, F. I.
Billings
Govan
Knott
Kemple
Hill
Jordan, J.
Watkins
Wilson

Tennis Champions.

U. of A. Base Ball Team

ITS RECORD

GUY WATKINS - - - - - - - - - - - - Captain

GEO. PRALL - - - - - - - - - - - - Business Manager

MEMBERS

SCOTT, p

THOMAS, p.

CONWAY, GEO., c.

NORTON, s. s.

WATKINS, 2nd b.

McCOWAN, l. f.

BRYAN, r. f.

BRIGGS, c. f.

JOINER, r. f.

RAGLAND, 3rd b.

VINCENHELLER, 1st b.

DR. SEARLES, coach.

GAMES

U. of A. vs. Bentonville - - - - - - - - -	18 to 5
U. of A. vs. T. P. A. (Ft. Smith) - - - - - - - -	13 to 12
U. of A. vs. Springdale - - - - - - - - -	25 to 8
U. of A. vs. Fayetteville . - - - - - - - -	12 to 0
U. of A. vs. Drury (Springfield) - - - - - - - -	7 to 5
U. of A. vs. T. P. A. (Ft. Smith) - - - - - -	11 to 12

Gymnasium Club

O. D. Briggs - - - - - - - - - - - - - President

R. Alden - - - - - - - - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer

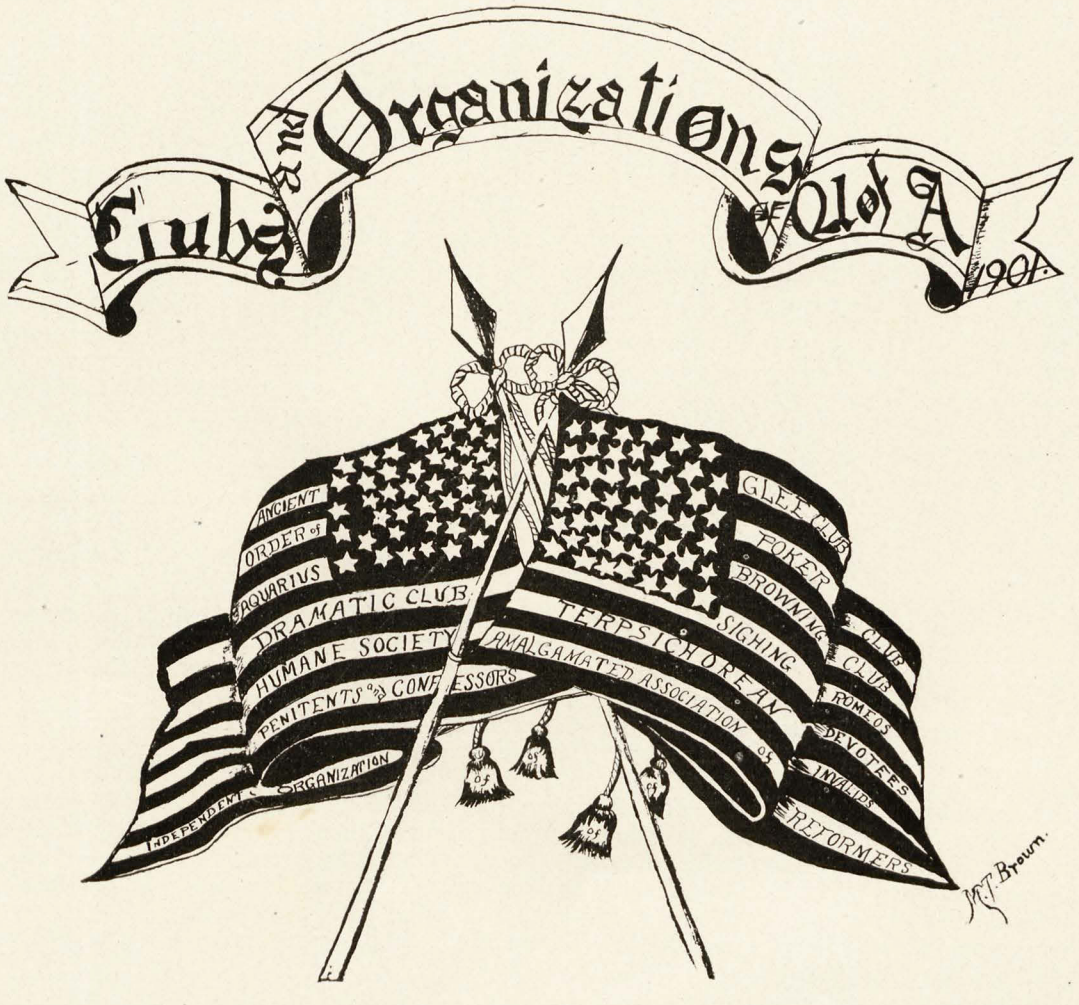
MEMBERS

Alden
Horsfall
Dunn, W.
Gibson
Jones
Wilson, W. O.
Joiner, A.
Milum
Beard
Babb

Greenoe
Briggs
Gladson
Brown (Nimicus)
Buchanan
Howell, E.
Harrison
Conway, C.
Ellis, J.
Jones

Mundt, Leo
Munn M. J.
Worthley, G.
Freeman
Ragland
Conway, G.
Watkins
Jordan
Wasson
Rife

Oaks, G. C.
McAndrews
Worthley, L.
Conway, W.
Hudgins, H.
Mitchell
Beakley
Pierson
Mulkey
Bryan


Clubs and Organizations of Old A
1904
ANCIENT ORDER of AQUARIUS
DRAMATIC CLUB
HUMANE SOCIETY
PENITENTS and CONFESSORS
INDEPENDENT ORGANIZATION
GLEE CLUB
POKER CLUB
BROWNING CLUB
SIGHING CLUB
TERPSICHOREAN
AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION of
ROMEOS
DEVOTEES
INVALIDS
REFORMERS
W.T. Brown.

Dramatic Club

ADVANCE AGENT - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - W. E. BABB
TREASURER AND MANAGER - - - - - - - - - - - - - A. W. WASSON

Cast of Characters

Seen last season in "The Song at the Castle."

R. B. BARTON - - - - - - - - - - - - - Cornwallis, commander of English forces
A. MCGEHEE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Desmond, Irish singer
B. MITCHELL - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Col. Morton, of British army
W. O. WILSON - - - - - - - - - - - - - Sir Richard Wilde, of English Parliament
H. L. ROSS - - - - - - - - - - Marquis Raoul de la Valiere, exiled nobleman of France
A. HURST - Servant
MABEL SUTTON - - - - - - - - - - - - Lady Wyndham, a widow, sister of Cornwallis
INA FOREMAN - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Eileen Fitzgerald, the ward of Cornwallis

Elegant, imported costumes

COMMENTS

Ohzeark, Fatesville: The play appeared here on March 1st. It was the best of the season. "Song at the Castle" we hope will come again. One can learn how to make love by seeing Cornwallis in the play.

Fatesville Daley: The "Song at the Castle" is an elegant play. The costumes of the actors were swell We think Desmond a fine actor, as handsome as can be.

Daily Bugle, Mathetian Society: We had the pleasure the other night of seeing a comedy we shall never forget. It was "Song at the Castle." It is great, and certainly well acted throughout. Colonel Morton is a typical British colonel and plays his part well.

Ree-publick, St. Lewis: We never tire of seeing plays like the "Song at the Castle." Hope another like it will come soon. Sir Wilde is great. He has the appearance of a real member of the English Parliament.

Coo-rier Jernel, Lewisville: "Song at the Castle"—good. That Frenchman is a caution—Pardieu, he is fine.

Com. Appeel, Mem-fis: "Song at the Castle" will never be forgotten—swellest play of the season. Lady Wyndham is a splendid character. Eileen plays her part as no other person could play it. The servant is good.

The same actors will play next season "Who Threw the Rabbit?" written by Mr. George Prall, who will play the part of the *villain*.

Dramatic Club.

Poker Club

C. Von Jagersfeld - - - - - - - - - President
M. R. Heron - - - - Treasurer and Guardian of the "Kitty"
L. E. Worthley - - - - - - - - - - Chaplain
Frank Loper - - - - - - - - Doorkeeper and Bouncer

The names of the other members can be procured from the Treasurer, whose whereabouts is at present unknown.

Rules

I. Meetings shall be held alternately in the rooms of the various members, except such as are married or under suspicion.

II. No gambling allowed. Members must bet only chips whose value must be decided on before the game is begun.

III. Any member convicted (by the faculty) of gambling, will be immediately dismissed from the club.

IV. Any member caught cheating will be at once dismissed. Clumsiness and lack of skill must be discouraged.

V. Any member wishing to attempt to prove that he has brains, by blowing them out with a 22 caliber revolver, will please adjourn to the street to do so. Boarding house keepers have begun to charge extra for cleaning up rooms bespattered with imitation brains.

VI. Violent conduct, while not prohibited, is to be deprecated. Think twice before you kick a fellow-member in the stomach, or frame a chair over his head.

VII. Buy your guns, sleeve holdouts, rabbits' feet, etc., from men who do not advertise in the College Magazine and Annual. The others are entirely too anxious for your trade. Besides, they might advertise again if you patronize them too much.

Terpsichorean Devotees

"Since brain
And eyes of dancing seem so fain,
Our feet should have some dancing too."
—*Rossetti.*

Ball-room on Fourth Floor University Hall

Officers

HARRY BROWN - - - - - - - - - - - Amateur Chesterfield and Leader of the German
OLIVE GATLING - - - - - - - - - - - Pride of the Ball (never goes before a fall)
HERVEY ROSS - - - - Grand Functotum. (His office is to assist ladies to their feet after a tumble.)
BIRDIE COOK - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Principal Musician
OFFICER OF THE DAY - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Chief of Scouts

MEMBERS

MIRIAM AUSTIN	MARY LOU DAVIES	JAMES MCCONNELL
FAY BLANCHARD	CARL SMITH	WM. HIGHT

Rules

I. The club must meet at least three times every day.

II. Only four dances allowed—waltz, two-step, still waltz and Juba. The latter is danced only at the special request of the Discipline Committee.

III. As there is only one piano accessible, the principal musician must not have more than two assistants at any one time.

IV. When the piano is locked, members are required to take turns at whistling.

V. When more than one member is whistling, it is respectfully urged that all whistle the same tune.

VI. When the Chief of Scouts desires to dance, he shall be relieved from his duties by an assistant appointed by the Leader.

Amalgamated Association of Invalids

N. B.—Only those eligible for membership who can call up a serious attack of illness at will.

Officers

B. P. Ware - - - - - - - - - - Grand Sovereign Grip-sufferer
Fannie Smith - - - - - - - - - - - - Queen of Shakers
J. D. Beakley - - - - - - - - - - Chief Vaccination Victim
Lucy Ross - - - - - - - - - - High Principal Cougher
L. E. Worthley - - - - - - - - - - - Headache Prince
(N. B.—Mr. Worthley resigned after the commandant personally administered the second dose of headache powders.)

THE RANK AND FILE

B. G. Covington - Who has trouble with his teeth
G. G. Hayes - - - Who has heart trouble
B. W. Langford - - - - Has earache
Von Jagersfeldt - - Troubled with corns
L. B. Bryan - - - - Whose nose bleeds
J. L. Longino - - - - - Has fevers
D. M. Henderson - - Victim of hysterics

HONORARY MEMBERS

A. E. Menke - Who always feels bad on the first period, Tuesdays and Thursdays
A. F. Lewis - - - - - - - - - - Who laughs himself sick
Jobelle Holcomb - - - - - - - - - - Who has sick headaches

Browning Club

"Oh! youth! men praise so,—holds their praise its worth?
Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?"

Officers

Robert Bell	Lord High Interpreter
Frederick Brown	Grand Spouter
Mabel Sutton	Principal Reader
Harry Marshall	Judge of Disputes
Robt. Middleton	Dictionary Guardian
Garfield Stubblefield	Keeper of the Encyclopedia
Kate Goddard	Assistant Reader

MEMBERS

Dora Bibb	"I only know one poet."
E. T. Archer	"More of explaining, expounding."
W. E. Babb	"He pricks pins at a tissue Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's."
F. O. Gibson	"Did he not magnify the mind, show clear Just what it all meant?"
Pearle Wiley	"She takes and uses this work, Amends what flaws may lurk."

Sighing Romeos

"Who shall set a shore to love,
When hath it swerved from death, or when
Hath it not burned away all barriers?"
—*Steven Phillips.*

President

ASHBEL NEEL - - - - - - - - - - "All my days are trances."

The President is the sole officer. He needs no assistants.

THE OTHERS

T. E. SANDERS - - - "She should never have looked at me, if she meant I should not love her."
W. A. FREEMAN - - - - - - - - - - - - - "Unwilling he came a-wooing."
W. Y. ELLIS - - - - - - - - - - - - - - "Life, life, I cannot leave thee,
For *she* lives."
O. R. BROWN - - - - - - - - - - - - - - "I but ask
That you'll remember me."
R. ALDEN - - - - - - - - - - "The stars never rise but I feel her bright eyes."
W. F. REICHARDT - - - - - - - - - - - - "Her soul gives me sigh for sigh."
F. M. BILLINGS - - - - - - - - - "Oh, let me have thee whole,—all,—all be mine!"
V. H. COCHRAN - - - - - - - - - - - - "Is she not pure gold, my mistress?"

Independent Organization of Reformers

MOTTO: "Down with noise, down with gambling, down with whiskey, down with vice in every form."

Officers

Will Lynn Alexander	Grand Drugstore Smasher	B. P. Ware - - -	Destroyer of Native Wine
Wm. Clancy - -	Chief Temperance Lecturer	J. W. Baxter	High Omet Preserver in the Chapel

The rank and file is composed of the faculty and one hundred students. For obvious reasons, their names cannot be given.

The Faculty - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	"Down with commencement balls."
One Hundred Students - -	"Down with beer and whiskey! Down with it!—down, down, down!"

Ancient Order of Aquarius

Headquarters = Fourth Floor 'Varsity Hall
Private Office = = The Dark Room

Rulers

E. L. KEELER - - - - - - - - - - - - - Director-General of the Cloudbursts
G. V. PRALL - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Principal Water-bag Tosser
HENRY JORDAN - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Procurer of Bags
ROBT. CURRY - - - - - - - - Chairman of Committee to Confer with Discipline Committee

HEWERS OF WOOD AND DRAWERS OF WATER

It is the duty of these members to furnish *aqua pura*, q. s., to the officers, and to keep the floors of the cloak rooms wet by a judicious use of the hydrants.

J. A. BOSTICK
ED HOWELL
C. L. SADLER
H. H. WILSON
N. WILKINSON
T. C. TREADWAY

VICTIMS

PROF. SHANNON
PROF. J. J. KNOCH
MISS LEILA DROKE

Sundry unwary collegiates and hosts of preps.

Jockey Club

G. W. Droke—Chief Jockey - - - - - - Rides a hobby called "Word for Word Definitions."
A. F. Lewis - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Rides the "Report" hobby
B. J. Dunn - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Rides the "Zero" hobby
A. H. Purdue, E. F. Shannon - - - - - - - - - - - Ride the "Twelve hours is enough" hobby
G. A. Cole - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Rides a High Horse, occasionally

The remaining members of the club are more modest and content themselves with ponies. They are:

Rupert Taylor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Who rides a speckled pony
H. E. Buchanan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Who rides a pony called "Key"
D. M. Henderson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Who rides a pony to Eng. 7
R. Alden, T. D. Sedwick, G. A. Vincenheller - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Ride very ordinary ponies

Humane Society

For the Prevention of Cruelty to Students

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Officers

Scott Wood	Past Grand Master of Chinners
B. F. Davis	Chief Collector of Old Exam. Papers
E. C. Knott	Potential Preserver of Exercise Books
B. W. Langford	Royal Retailer of Typewritten Notes
C. H. Triplett	Champion Kicker

All the members are officers

HONORARY MEMBERS

Messrs. Hinds and Noble - - - - - - - - New York City

The Arkansas Legislature

The Gong

Glee Club

Who is not moved by this discord of sounds,
His mode of locomotion must be spoiled.

C. McRea - - - - - - - - - - - - - High Tenor

L. J. Mundt - - - - - - - - - - - - Basso Profundo

G. C. Worthley - - - - - - - - - - - - Baritone

Nancy Askew - - - - - - - - - - - - - Soprano

Rowena Galloway - - - - - - - - - - - Contralto

It is an open question what parts are sung by the following members :

A. McGehee	E. B. Norton	F. W. Holt
Horton Lake	Louise Holman	Effie Jones

Glee Club

SPECIMEN PROGRAM

OPENING CHORUS - - - - - - "Mah Tiger Lily" - - - - - - By the Whole Push

SOLO - - - - - - - - - "Where the Cabbages Soar" - - - - - - Mr. McGehee

YODLE SONG - By the Club

(Introducing specialties never heard before. Do not tear up the seats. Bricks and eggs will be passed around by the ushers.)

SOLO - - - - - - - - - "My Love Has Lumbago" - - - - - - - Miss Askew

CHORUS - - - - - - - - "Kathleen Mavourneen" - - - - - - By the Club

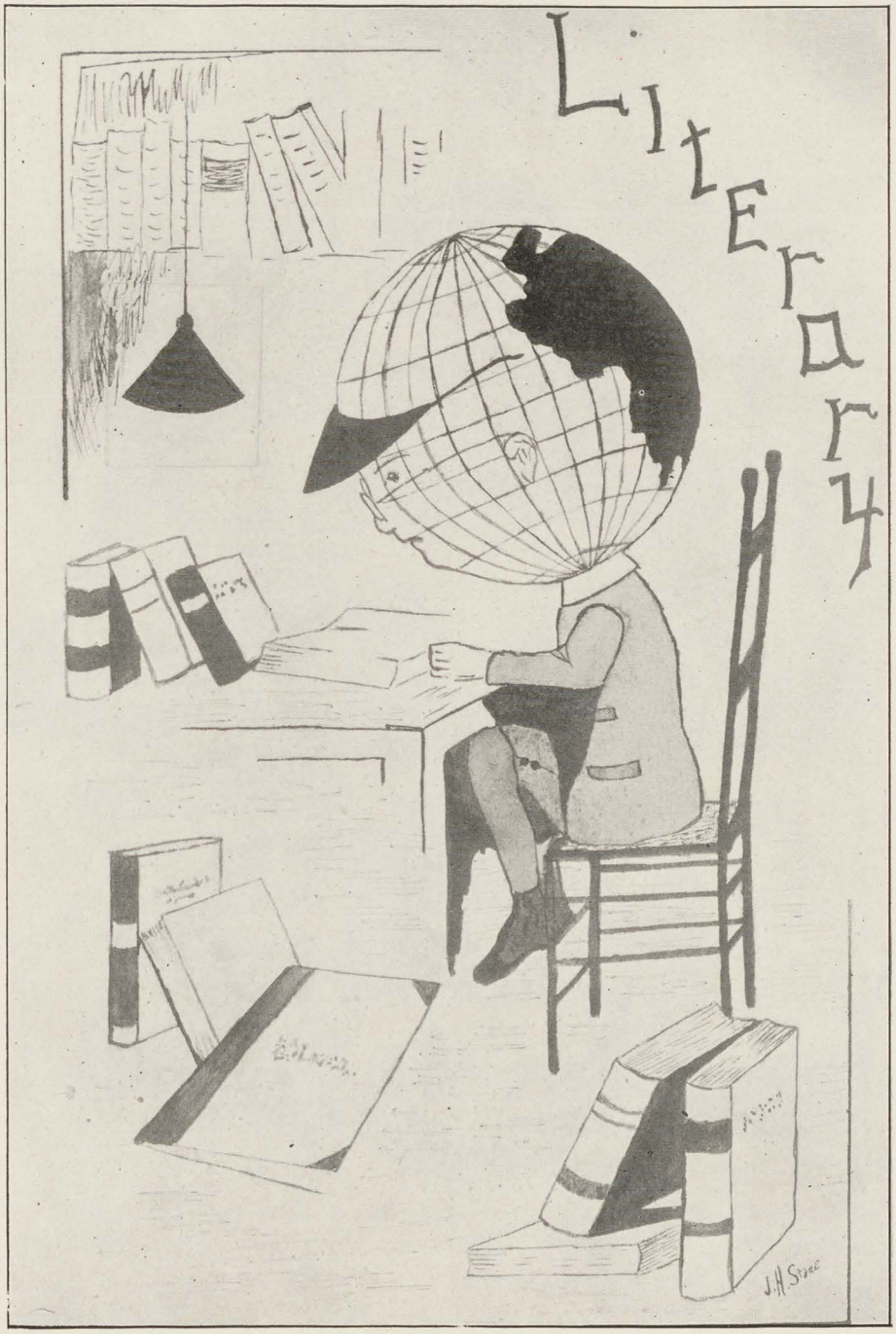
The audience may safely keep their seats, as Messieurs Worthley and Holt will not be allowed to sing in this number.

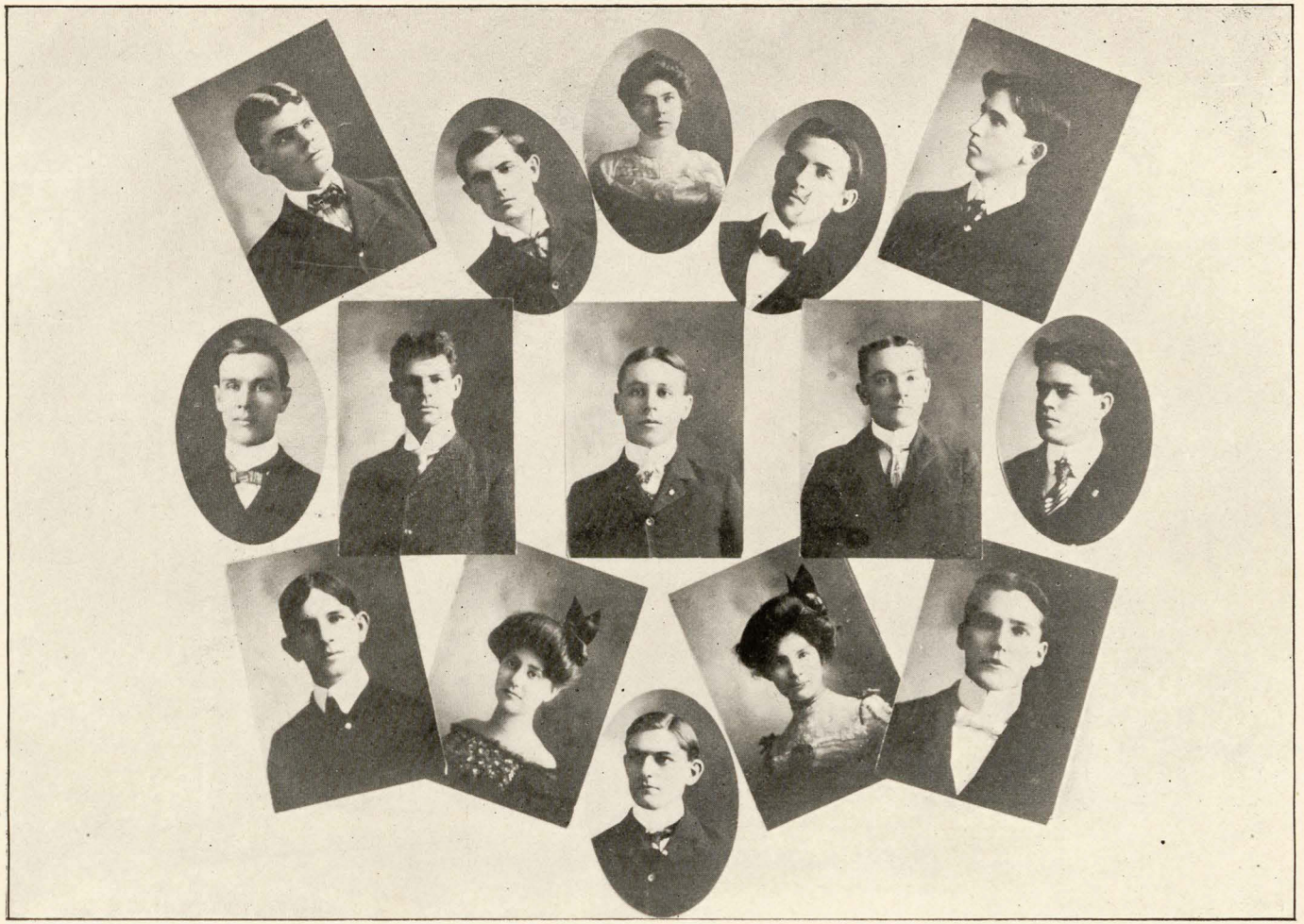
Penitents and Confessors

DR. J. L. BUCHANAN - - - - - - - - - - - - First Father Confessor
CAPTAIN G. K. SPENCER - - - - - - - - - - - Second Father Confessor

The Penitents

G. V. PRALL - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - "I have been unjustly accused."
L. J. MUNDT - - - - - - - - "Dr. Buchanan, I had rather lay my head on the curbstone——"
EMMA BROWN - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - "We just waltzed one little round."
SCOTT WOOD - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - "I want to face my accusers."
GUY WATKINS - - - - - - - - - "Dr. Buchanan, I just couldn't hold that blamed rabbit."
INA FOREMAN - - - - - - - - - - - - "The Officer of the Day said we could speak."
D SCOTT - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - "Just give me one more trial."
G. A. VINCENHELLER - "Why, I'd as soon think of drinking, as hazing, or stealing a sub-Fresh spread."


Literary
J.H. Stace



Ozark Staff.

Ozark Staff

First Term

GEO. V. PRALL, '02 - - - - - - - - - - Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATES

RICHARD B. BARTON, '02
H. E. BUCHANAN, '02
OLIVE GATLING, '03
W. E. BABB, '02
IRBY GIBSON, '02
G. G. STOCKARD, '02

Second Term

OSCAR D. BRIGGS, '02 - - - - - - - - - Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATES

CARL VON JAGERSFELDT, '03
A. W. WASSON, '02
PEARL WILEY, '02
N. WILKERSON, '01
H. L. ROSS, '01
W. O. WILSON, '03

J. W. BAXTER, '02 - - - - - - - - - - Business Manager

The Ozark is edited by the Garland and Mathetian Literary Societies

Nonsense Rhymes

There was a young fellow named Ed;
In love he fell heels over head
With a girl called Marie,
As sweet as could be,—
At least, that is what Edward said.

'Tis said that an athlete called Matt
Once caught a ferocious old rat,
And then like a goose
He turned the beast loose
In a room where some ladies were *at*.

There was a tall youth called McRae
Who was deeply in love, so they say,
With an "Angel" so bright
Who dazzled his sight
And turned all his auburn locks gray.

There was a young student named Harry,
Whom all the girls wanted to marry;
But he said, "I refuse
From among you to choose.
There's safety in numbers," quoth Harry.

The officer stood by the stair;
A cadet from above saw him there,
H_2O in a bag,
He tied with a rag,
And watered the officer's hair.

There is a musician named Sanders,
Who lives quite a distance from Flanders;
'Tis said that a Lake
Has caused an earthquake
In the heart of this musical Sanders.

There was a tall fellow called Clancy;
Alexander the Great took his fancy.
He worshipped, adored
Entreated, implored
Alexander, did ardent young Clancy.

"Mr. Ramsay," she said "tell me how
You could kiss an old red mooley cow."
"Well, I just touched her nose,
And she blushed like a rose,
Then fainted, that modest old cow."

A handsome young lady named Pace
Presides in a learned Book Place,
Where one day came a rabbit,
And when no one would grab it,
She screamed herself black in the face.

There is a grave senior named Carl,
And his heart strings are all in a snarl;
He loves Miss Anne
As hard as he can,
This very grave senior named Carl.

Love *vs.* Professors

Love gets us into many a Pickel,
Especially the heart that's fickle.
And into many a tight, tight place
He leads us at a pretty Pace;
For Love you'll find a rapid Walker,
As well as a most winning talker.
Against his wiles you'll make no headway—
Your only hope's to turn and Treadway.

"Look at these wounds," says Love, "I'll show man
How straight I shoot. I am a Bowman.
I gave this poor heart many a Knoch,
'Tis battered by my arrows' shock.
I strike, I wound the heart that's whole,
I burn as with a living Cole;
I weep, I supplicate, I pardon—
The road of Love's another Jordan.

"This is my rhyme—who runs may Read—
All loving hearts I captive lead.
And now (pray overlook this pun)
This line's the last, for Love is Dunn."

Cuts and Grinds

In reading these sad Cuts and Grinds,
Your eyes will fill with brine,
For some of the jokes are lucky finds,
And some of the jokes are mine.

Miss Davies: Who are the most prominent short story writers of the day?

Scott Wood: I heard the Committee on CARDINAL Prizes say they were Briggs, Cochran, Prall and Taylor.

Bill Dunn says all the band boys are blowing themselves except himself and Doswell Jones. They are on the deadbeat.

The club-editor lays down his clubs
And rests him for the nonce;
The ed.-in-chief picks up his clubs
And raps him on the sconce.

First Senator, (reaching out blindly with both hands): Help me 'long, boys; help me 'long. I'm tired and dunno which way to go.

Second Senator, (who has only had one pint): Why, you blamed fool, can't you see?

First Senator: See? 'Course I can see! Ain't I got eyes? I can see all right, 'f they's anything here to see. But they ain't no floor, 'n no wall, 'n no nothing. I can see good as you, but I can't walk on nothing.

B. A.: What did you elect this term?

Special: Bible and Astronomy, so far.

B. A.: Ah, I see. Going to study the heavens from both points of view.

When flies the snow
And the cold winds blow,
Then Ethel's face is pink and white;
When the hot sun glows
And perspiration flows,
That face is streaked in saddest plight.

1st Student: Quo Vadis is to-night, isn't it?

2nd Student: Yes; but I can't see why it turned so cold and rainy; I was going to get a cab anyway.

Rural Legislator, (pointing to Glyptodon in the museum): Is they very many o' them critters around here?

Tom Soph.: No, sir; not now. They used to be quite numerous, but the faculty passed a resolution that they should not be allowed in Washington county, and they all emigrated that same night, except this one, which came up and died on the front steps of University Hall.

Alf Taylor, (lecturing on Poetry and Pearls): There are heights in music which have never been reached.

Covington: Guess he never heard my girl sing.

Low, The Poor Hobo.

He was the dirtiest specimen of the genus hobo that ever rode a blind baggage, and he said his name was Low. A blustering March wind blew him to Buchanan Hall one evening, together with an immense cloud of dust. A portion of the dust floated on, but most of it remained on Mr. Low's person. He was so foolish as to stand too long on the back steps, and a bucket of water, accidentally spilled from a third-story window, quickly changed his dusty coat to a muddy one.

I felt rather sorry for him, and took him over to the dining room to give him some supper. It was Sunday night, and we had had Saratoga chips and cake "extra" for supper. I gave Weary Willy Low (his name must have been Weary Willy, for I've often seen his picture in the Sunday papers) a piece of steak, which had been left because no one could eat it, and a plate of Saratoga chips *a la* poker chips. He bolted that steak as a Shanghai rooster does a fat worm, and followed it with the limestone Saratoga chips. I felt dazed, and went back into the dining room to my own table, where I got half a square foot of steak, which I knew from actual experience to be impervious to saws, axes and diamond-pointed drills. He disposed of it as quickly as a society girl does a vanilla chocolate. I then tried, in rapid succession, a half-pound of cold cornbread, a light roll, which weighed ten ounces, and a cold, frost-bitten sweet potato, which felt like lead, stuck like glue, and tasted like an old maid's lips. He ate them as fast as I could bring them to him.

It now became a point of honor for me to vanquish him. He was a common Low tramp, of the earth earthy, who wore his trousers too short and his hair too long, and whose shirt was unstriped, save for the wavering lines of concentrated solution of tobacco which adorned it. Should he be allowed to best a student of the University of Arkansas? Well, I guess not. So I brought out half a cake. (Imagine the sacrifice.) The cake was of the consistency, weight and taste of putty, and was decorated with a white coating of sugar and talcum powder. The hobo calmly ate it.

I was almost in despair, but when I went back into the dining room I saw a bowl of sauce. I seized a large sponge lying near, plunged it into the sauce and carried it out to Mr. Tramp.

"Apple dumpling," I told him.

In fifty seconds it had all disappeared.

"In the name of all the gods at once, who are you?" I asked him. "You must have been the human ostrich in some circus."

"No, you're off," he said. "I used to be a student in this university, and acquired this gastronomical skill by swallowing the stories, jokes, reprimands and astonishing revelations made by——well, by Pat Crowe and his pards."

First Student: Prof. —— told us a good joke in class to-day.

Second Student: Sh—h! Don't let it get out. I like Prof. ——, and as sure as it becomes known that he told a joke, he'll lose his place. No man is wanted in the faculty who appreciates a joke.

1st Sergeant, (To new man): Have you ever drilled before?

New Man: Yes, sir.

1st Sergeant: When?

New Man: My room-mate taught me the right-hand salute last night.

How About This?

Oom Paul: "The '01 CARDINAL reached me in good time. It is a dear book and has probably saved my life."

Uncle Sam: "That CARDINAL is a peach—the best of its kind I ever saw."

Meark Heanner: "Mac, here is the best book I ever saw. It is fine. Don't you think so? It is as good as a 'subsidy bill.' "

Che Hung Fe: "A missionary showed me a book called 'THE CARDINAL.' It is absolutely fine."

Oh Zark: " 'THE CARDINAL' is something warm. It is really one of the best annuals in the South, and we have occasion to know."

Mrs. Nashuns: "When I am not using my hatchet I enjoy passing away the time reading a pure book like THE CARDINAL. It has no 'poker clubs' or such in it but is full of temperance organizations."

Assistant Librarians Scott, J. Davis and Cunningham agree that the annual is an interesting book to look at, while the Librarian waits on some one.

Bryan's "*Car-muner*" is the latest criticism on THE CARDINAL. In substance it says no better annual is published anywhere.

We have a carload of comments equally as good on all previous issues of THE CARDINAL, but cite only some of the principal ones.

How He Won Her.

A corpulent youth and an athletic girl
Were descending the steep campus walk,
And the corpulent youth begged the athletic girl
To be his, in the course of their talk.
Said the athletic girl, "I will marry you,
If you beat me to the stile."
Said the youth, " 'Tis done, though I cannot run,"
But his heart was filled with guile.

Now, the athletic girl could outrun the youth,
But he was a wise young guy;
So he threw himself flat and rolled down the walk,
He soon seemed to fairly fly;
He found that he could not stop at the end—
He rolled nearly half a mile;
His body was bruised, but his heart was light,
For he'd beat the girl to the stile.

Statistics

IT IS rather discouraging to the statistician just now that some of our kind friends, recently our guests, took it upon themselves to precede him in this line of investigation and give out one statistic, whether it is the result of investigation or a mere opinion we know not, that covers the whole subject in view, that is that the University should be turned into an insane asylum. It seems to be the opinion of the Legislature that we are all idiots. But some one suggests that there might be some consolation to the students in the fact that the Legislature associated, while they were here, entirely with the Professors, but that won't do. We hardly believe the University is exactly ready for such a transformation. Imagine our classic walls disturbed by a maniac's shriek, imagine a Latin "pony" galloping madly through the corridors screaming English translations, and an insane rabbit fleeing across the library floor. Imagine George Prall sitting quietly with his books from day to day, silent, motionless, pitiful; and Scott Wood off in a corner by himself studying, and Heber McLaughlin, a Professor of Chemistry, upon a library table hearing a class of empty chairs. Think of a poor, harmless faculty repealing Regulation Fifty. Think of an insane bug dance on the third floor, and an insane company in an insane drill, and then, this hollow joke some morning in chapel, a maddened choir singing a NEW song; and the grief-stricken students weeping over this announcement: "No more drill. No drill, never more, never more!" A miserable fate! Imagine the Legislature, wild, hopeless, appropriating sufficient funds for the respectable support of the University. Alas, what a hoax! what a mournful contemplation! But to get even with our friends who forced this unpleasant picture upon us we will quote an extract from "Duc" Mundt's "impersonation of a Legislator speaking in U. of A. chapel": "I've bin in this hyar town forty year. I hev seed the wave of educashin sweep o'er this gran state like the Goats and Vanduls o'er Rome. I aint a goin ter vote fer no appropriation fer the gimnasum 'cause I aint a favoring of it. I think we oiter plaster the dormitory both inside and outside, and I am in favor of plastering the University, too, (applause from the students, and some one informs him it is already plastered). I aint in favor of appropriating no money fer the

military department 'cause I aint in favor of imperialism or expansion. I don't want no king. (Applause from the Legislature and cries of Hurrah for Aguinaldo). Yes, Mr. President, I am proud that I came ter this hyar University, though I came more to get to ride on the train than anything else. I am proud I'm hyar. But, Mr. President, in walkin' around I seen a lot 'er green grass out in the yard that would do fer pastoring stock, and when I git back ter Little Rock I am goin' to introduce a bill ter raise cows on the Campust or plant cotton there, 'cause I don't believe in no kind of waste." (Prolonged applause.)

Now leaving jokes aside we come to the really valuable point of our research. First, a specimen of Freshman English which we obtained unknown to the teachers in that department. Extract from Composition on Autumn: "The wind sighed around the corners of the house like they were weeping for summer; the leaves fluttered from the pretty trees as if seeking a place to fall; the nuts fall in the forest, and then a hog comes along and eats up the nuts." Extract from a letter: "O, dear one, I sigh for you daily, my heart is aglow with love for you like a piece of paper on fire."

A majority of votes declared Prof. Shannon to be the most popular professor.

Miss Olive Gatling was elected the most studious young lady. It will be remembered that Miss Gatling held this same honor last year also.

Miss Mabel Sutton, as she well deserves, was elected the brightest young lady.

Miss Ethel Hill was selected as the prettiest young lady. As more votes were cast on this question than on the two preceeding it seems that when young ladies are concerned beauty receives more recognition than anything else.

The favorite study vote was a tie between Mathematics, Chemistry and Greek.

The most popular books of recent fiction read here are: "In the Palace of the King," "A Humble Romance," "To Have and to Hold," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Eben Holden" "The Reign of Law," "In Ole Virginia," and "Janice Meridith." Among those more classic are: "The Cabin Mystery," "Pluck and Luck," and "The Ozark."

Rudyard Kipling is the favorite writer among the students. Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Harding Davis, Miss Mary Johnston, James Lane Allen, and Gilbert Parker are very popular. The above mentioned authors' local rivals are, G. V. Prall, O. D. Briggs, and J. W. Baxter.

Among the suggestions for the solution of the Negro question the following were given: "Colonize the moon with him," "Fight the Filipinos with him," "Attach him to the Forestry question," "Kill all the

chickens in the land and thus exterminate the Negro''—this answer overlooks the watermelon. Some more cruel, but also more scientific, suggest that they all be hanged.

By some, Mark Hanna is considered too sacred to be spoken of. Others fear the Emperor's frown. One young man who seems unappreciative of the present glories of our Empire spoke of him as being a Republican President. But the only real compliment given him was that he looks like Guy Watkins.

The doubtful case committee was created to ''help the students'' (out the door.)

A young lady's ambition should be, first, ''To cultivate those tender virtues which make the home on earth a prophesy of heaven and man forget his present miseries in blissful contemplation of the great ''will be.'' Then she should be ''a good cook,'' ''a hospital nurse'' or a second Carrie Nation.''

The general opinion is that a young man should have no ambition, but those who are determined to have one should ''go to Utah,'' ''become a member of the Arkansas Legislature,'' to quit school, or ''to have a good stable of 'ponies'.''

This department, wishing to have some statistics in regard to fashions, styles, etc., very innocently submitted the question as to short skirts. The answers given by some crazy boys were very disappointing, but we submit all the answers as some of them are unintelligible to us. ''Ugly, but sensible,'' ''Good for rainy weather,'' ''They make woman look short and man look long,'' ''Good to show pretty feet,'' ''They are best because they are cheapest,'' ''The only thing for Fayetteville mud.''

Our present yell is about as long as Paradise Lost and subject to many variations, so as a substitute the following were suggested:

''Say, Say, U. of A.!''
''Hay! Hay! Bark! Bark!
U. of A., Ark, Ark!''

''Bale of hay, Bale of hay!
We are the U. of A.!''
''We are, we are, we are the U. of A.
So what in the deuce do we care,
So what in the deuce do we care,
We are, we are, we are the U. of A.''

''Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Ray!
We are the boys of the U. of A.!
First in War, first in Peace,
First in the hands of the Chief of Police.''

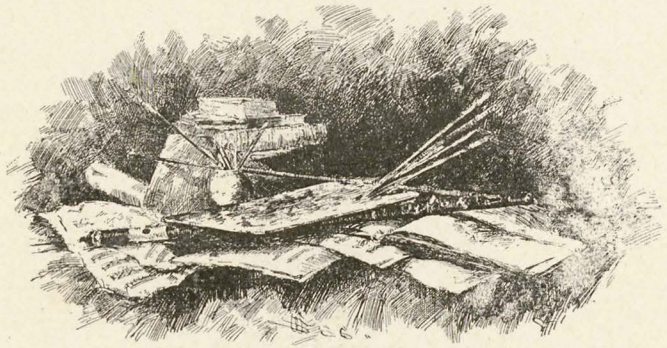
One young man thinks this is funny: ''Here lie the remains of the Ozark man,
His head in the bosom of Abraham,
'Tis awful nice for the Ozark man,
But, Gee! it's the devil on Abraham.''

The reasons given as to why Hinds and Noble are such a blessing are: "They allow the student to ride over rough places," and "enable one to get the proper amount of sleep, thus preventing the absolute destruction of health."

The following proverbs are in vogue among the students: "Young men, if you don't be quiet you just must." "Did you pass?" "He who worketh is foolish, but he who getteth a stand-in with a Prof. is a wise son." "Do or get done." "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow." "Work your teacher or he'll work you." "If the students don't hang together they will hang separately." "Dr. Menke fixeth the unwary student."

Mr. De Matt Henderson was declared the best football player by a very large vote.

The answers to "what is heaven?" are: "College avenue." "Two hours with my girl." "A place where there are no exams." "Heaven is just heaven." "I can't see for the smoke." "A chemistry exam." "Where you can get Fifty." One young man volunteers the information that he has never been there. Here endeth the lesson.



Hortence

There was a maiden sweet and fair,
Whose life was free from sin and care;
Her smiles, like those of angels above,
Were filled with charms of tenderest love;
Her voice was full and sweet and low
And in her eyes the radiant glow
Of a peaceful soul enchanting shone,
And claimed the lovely for its own.
This gentle maid Hortence was named,
And for suitors was greatly famed;
Her hand and heart the rustic swain,
With cheerful hopes would seek to gain,
But ah! his soul must soon dispair—
He could not win the lovely Fair.
Noblemen from every land
Sought in vain the maiden's hand,
But one, a gallant soldier lad,
Her heart and soul he truly had.
On moonlight night or sunlit day,
They strolled along the woodland way;
And 'mid the sound of sighing boughs
The forest oft echoed their vows.
'Twas once when long the sunny beams
Had ceased to play in the rippling streams,
That, lingering still, they sat alone
Upon the banks of Lake Latrone.
"Gerald," she said, "my prayer believe,
My heart for thee does ever grieve.
Gerald, dost thou return my love,
Or oh! dost thou deceitful prove?"
Upon her cheeks were burning tears,
And in her soul were silent fears.
"Hortence, dost thou my love suspect,
Canst thou in it a fault detect?
I long to be so near thy side,
And in thy soul my hopes confide."
She came to the place, one autumn day,
Where they were wont to meet and play,
And finding not her lover there,
She waited long with patient care.
The sun was now beneath the hill,
Her heart was beating faster still;
She heard the chimes of the evening bells
As they were borne across the dells;
Then soon the light of the dying day
In the darkness died away;
And with the lightly lingering light
Went out the hopes of a soul that night.
Once his footsteps she thought she heard;
She called aloud; there came no word;
'Twas but the falling autumn leaves
Among the tall and naked trees.
Once more she turns her listening ears,
But, listening still, no sound she hears.

She wipes her tear-stained eyes,
And 'mid the hush she softly sighs:
"O faithless world! O wretched strife!
Come Death, so sweet, and end my life!"
But hush! Again she hears a sound;
'Tis footsteps sure; she looks around,
And there Gerald beside her stands;
He stretches forth his gentle hands,
Then takes his love within his arms
And drives away her false alarms.
"Gerald," she said, "my lover true,
I've watched and waited long for you;
But now that thou art come, my dear,
My aching heart is free from fear."
He does not speak, but lists her vow,
And plants a kiss upon her brow.
Then, by the dim and gentle light
Of the beautiful Lady of the Night,
She saw the tears as they did rise
And sparkle in her lover's eyes.
"O, why dost thou so sadly weep?
Do not from me thy secrets keep."
He speaks: "Weep not, my gentle fawn,
But ere another sun shall dawn
To light the hill and fertile dell,
I must bid thee a long farewell.
Our country calls to a foreign land
Her army and her naval command;
And, till the Turkish war shall end,
I must my country's right defend.
Hortence, wilt thou remember me
When I'm across the distant sea?"
The maid then raised her little head,
And with a voice of love she said:
"If from my faithless, cruel heart
The love for you shall e're depart,
May devils come with magic spell
And hurl my soul to endless hell."
The Turkish war was a bloody strife,
And many a soldier lost his life.
At last the armies home were call'd;
The soldiers came, but not Gerald.
The gentle maiden shed her tears
And waited true for many years;
But she had grown so helpless now,
She must for want forget her vow.
She married then a man of wealth,
But weeping years had ruined her health.
Weaker she grew from day to day,
And soon her life must past away.
Gerald, in distant lands afar,
Meanwhile escaped his prison bar;
He made his way to his native land
And sought to claim the promised hand;
He made his way to his lover's home,
Where they in youth were wont to roam;
But he was wrecked in hardships past,
And death was claiming him at last.
They saw; a joy lit up their eyes;
Then came from each their dying sighs,
And 'mid the silence and suspense
Was heard the words, "Gerald!" "Hortence!"

A Song of Venice

"O Venice! wooed by the sea in a song,
Resting these sweet isles among,
Carpeted purple and garlanded white,
Thou art a beautiful, beautiful sight.

"Here my gondola glides the water,
And Italy's sweet and fairest daughter
Waits for me at the midnight hour,
Pinned on her bosom a Jessamine flower.

"Oft for her in echo dwells
The hallowed sound of evening bells;
And shadows dancing their weary cotillon
Bow as they pass on their glassy pavillion.

"She is Beauty's maid of honor,
And all that man can lavish upon her
Is vain. Under her window the moon
Mirrors for her the night-time noon.

"Into the night from her guitar,
As soft as the gleam of the twilight star,
Her music comes, and she doth seem
Making a melody out of a dream.

"O! hurry we and row along,
'Tis folly to lose one note of her song—
I see her now, O sweet sight!
Melodizing in the quiet night.

"Clear, star-litten, the night is sweet,
The air but stirs with velvet feet,
And all doth rest under the heaven,
As soft as the silence is at even.

"The many-eyed palaces sleep in the night,
Yielding in dreams to the soft delight
Of the honeyed breaths from the gardens come,
Lured to the wanton sea-wind's home.

"The Pope hath said we cannot wed;
Her mother stands in pious dread,
And all the house comes to her word
Like sheep all driven in a herd.

"I'm not of her faith, the Fathers thought,
But our souls are so enwrought
That the Fates, unwinding the silken cone,
Would think two strands were only one.

"For never a thought comes to my mind
But first its way to her heart doth find,
And lingering there for a gentle space,
It comes to me like a smile from her face."

Murmuring songs she waits for him,
While by the white walls, aged, dim,
His love-winged oars bring him fast
And rest him at her home at last.

Softly, slow, silent, still,
He moors to a casement sill—
The waters chant a litany
To her within her balcony.

In a moment he is there,
Stealing up the silent stair;
He touches her soft hand with his
And wakes her dreaming with a kiss.

Her rich love is all for him,
Full of sweet passion to the brim;
Her heart was like a woodland stream,
In quiet ways content to dream.

Sitting silent at her feet,
'Mid sweet sensations doubly sweet,
He hears her voice, by a tear unbound,
Disturb the silence into sound.

"O Leonato! you have come
To learn they'll bear me far from home—
Far over the sea—from Italy
My heart is banished for love of thee.

"When our Venetian day is done,
Curtaining the golden sun
With the purple-painted sky,
O Leonato, I will die!

"But let me in thine own arms be,
Listening to the sad-toned sea
Making songs of things eterne—
There will my heart its death-song learn."

Whispering their sorrows oft,
With lamentation worded soft,
Her deep love brings to her soul
Thoughts that the conscience can never control.

Into her dark room they go,
To each other murmuring low;
They both will drink from the poisoned cup,
Kissing their death while they sup.

Back down the steps they silent tread;
Ne'er by priest will they be wed;
Ne'er will cathedral's scented walls
Look down upon their funerals.

Their boat out in the sea is gone—
The last star watch is almost done;
His bride is sleeping on his breast,
And he is tired and needs must rest.

Sonnet: The Earth is at Her Prayers

The earth is at her prayers, and over all,
Like some dim hinting of eternity,
A universal silence seems to be.
A bird, in yon tree, majestic, tall,
Serenading still with his far off call,
Complains of the too solemn quiet, and he,
Lonely singer, with his melody,
Unknowing, makes a deeper silence fall;
The breathless air is listening for the night;
The pulse of nature's mighty heart is slow;
And now the day is dead, but no bells toll
Her dying for sound is dead,—e'en time doth go
But slowly the world is sleeping in his night
And some Olympian dream pervades his soul.

Rondeau

If love were dead—were really cold and dead—
Then I would bend above his golden head,
And muse upon the sweet mouth's curving grace,
And all the glories of his form and face;
Grieving the joyous train of hours fled
Like jewels scattered by their broken thread.
Ah, life could ne'er those rainbow lights replace—
If love were dead.
Although no gifts have I from himinstead--
Dull pain and sleepless hours upon my bed—
In all true art his imagery I trace;
I know all life is brighter for his face,
And from hits weft the rose and gold were fled
If love were dead.

Arkansas

She is a land much abused
By strangers confused
Who delight to slander and jeer.
Strangers forsooth, to her and to truth
She'll prove in a future year.

She is a land little known
By those who condone
Their lack of innocent mirth
With slanderous jokes and cowardly strokes
Against her honest worth.

She is a land much abused,
But her sons are infused
With love to scatter the gloom
That blights the name and spoils the fame
Of the land of the apple bloom.

She is nature's delight.
Her broad fields of white,
Her forests of stately mien,
Her mines of wealth, her springs of health
Make her a queenly queen.

Her schools are increasing,
With labors unceasing
They teach her to use the power
That lies asleep in nature's keep
In the land of the apple flower.

Her churches are growing;
Behold! They are sowing
The seeds of a future free,
Of a peace secure, of a race as pure,
As the bloom of her apple tree.

Her future beams bright,
We give with delight
Her coming a loud hurrah;
We hail with a cheer the future career
Of the land of Arkansas.

Whatever her worth
She's the land of our birth,
We owe her our best endeavor;
For her fruits and girls, her ores and pearls
We'll strive for Arkansas ever.

The Steam Pipe Ghosts

ONCE upon a time the hope of a pass in English persuaded me to study the poems of Emerson; and, after reading his appeal for all men to do their duty, I have been a pilgrim to the shrines of those heroes who have done their duty with respect to mankind. When I have set forth the facts pertaining to a certain ghostly phenomenon that I have observed in our university, I shall enjoy any martyrdom that may result from it. For, in this case, duty calls me; and, moreover, I have a balm for my hurt mind in the examples of the illustrious men who have gone before me, such as Mr. Columbus and Mr. Bangs. Hence I shall now fulfill my duty with respect to my *alma mater*.

If I should tell you that there is a something in the university, you would comment upon it no further than to thank me for the compliment, if you were an active member of that remarkable tribe who persistently wear rainy-day skirts, and I have not a doubt but that it was because of these skirts that we enjoyed, last winter, such very fine weather. For I find from close observations that, on every stormy morning when this tribe appeared in all of its shortness, the clouds beat a hasty retreat, most of them going to the Philipyines, where they do not wear such things; and thus we had delightful weather for drill. On the other hand, if you were just a common angelic-man, and I should make this statement about a something, you would simply ask me whether I had reference to adjutant, or to one of the divers co-eds of that out-of-sight-beauty type, who make such splendid fudge for the other fellow.

Although you would immediately be in favor of enlarging the insane asylum to the extent of one room at any rate, if I were to tell you that a multitude of these same somethings may be found in the 'varsity, yet I am bound to do this by the duty I owe to the university. So now I formally announce to you that it is a fact that the 'varsity is brimming full of spooks, a "misty mid region" of ghosts, that it is a veritable "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir," with more ghouls and less woods.

In the beginning it is necessary for you to believe that the 'varsity is haunted, and haunted desperately; else how can you give credit to the facts that I shall set forth concerning these ghosts? Do not laugh at this idea of ghosts, for it is true that we are haunted. It is just as true as the well-known fact, alas! that I "flunked" in algebra last term. And I can testify that I never fell flatter in all my life; and also that my professor in mathe-

matics, bless him! experienced such a Gladsonian shock, at the failure of the light of the class, that he now has serious thoughts of ascending upward. Again I say that we are haunted. Any sane person will believe this after hearing the radiators and steam pipes "raise sand" on a cold day.

About three years ago the professor of geology delivered a lecture upon "Glaciers and Glaciation." As the lecture was free, and I had taken up geology to escape from the bloody jaws of chemistry, it seemed best that I attend. The night more than accorded with the subject, yet of necessity, a frozen nose, a set of frost-bitten ears, and some boys attended in a body. The way that wind cut across the campus would have blown every principal part of the Greek verbs out of the head of any student, if there be one in creation who has any such things in his head, to say nothing of the buttons from his overcoat. As I am chronically in such a condition of brain that hurricanes, exams., and such evils only affect me as to the buttons, I paid little attention to the wind itself. But that steel-blue, three-ply cold, combined with a mind full of visions of glaciers, tended to make me somewhat chilly, and I assure you that I was delighted to reach the front steps after making several select tours around the lower corner of the campus with the wind.

As I entered the building I noticed an unusual noise in the radiators and steam pipes. Such jerks and lunges, hisses and screeches, crashes and thuds I had never heard before. As the ancient custom is on such occasions, the light did not run more than half of the time. In this fact I saw a splendid opportunity to sleep away some of that famous "tired feeling," and incidentally to thaw out. Hence, in making my appearance when the lights were running that my presence might be duly noted by the lecturer, I took a seat on the right side of the chapel, as near to the radiator as possible. Although the noise in the hall was extremely loud, nevertheless in the chapel it was terrific, a first-class symposium of women's clubs.

The avowed purpose of my attendance was to secure a pass in Geology, if possible; but the real object was to catch up a little in my sleep, that had been rather long delayed during the preceding week. Yet, sleep I could not. The din seemed magnified "by some unknown power" to such a degree that I, who can sleep the sweet sleep of an innocent babe in a history class under circumstances that are extremely hard on the hearing of a deaf man, could not even nap in the chapel. The radiator next to me was on a spree. Its inside seemed to be in a turmoil, and I kept listening for something within to swear, for it sounded as if a fight of some kind were in progress. From this boiling space within came queer, uncanny noises, hisses and groans, sighs and rumblings, interspersed with thumps, crashes, lunges, thuds and jerky screeches. Moreover, through the whole building the din sounded and resounded, while my radiator did so well that it often found time to give me specialties in its doubtful tenor, one of which is: "Clank! clank! do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, se do, clank! bang! clank!"

Soon this demented anvil chorus began to quiet down; immediately I settled myself for a good sleep. Suddenly, however, a third power of the former racket commenced. I started up from my nap, awakened, not by the din of the steam pipes, but by the unearthly quiet of my radiator. I was congratulating myself upon the fact that perhaps the contestants in the fight had been killed, when another round began in the seething depths near me. I have always been kindly disposed to all suffering creatures, such as bugs and little freshmen, and so, when the noise began to assume the proportions of a prolonged death struggle, I said instinctively, "I'm sorry, old man. What's the trouble?"

"W–wait a minute!" came hurriedly from within, followed by several severe thuds and clanks.

My kind nature got the better of me; and thinking that I might be of assistance to something, I jumped up and went to the radiator. This queer conduct caused much comment from my best girl's mother, who attributed it to something more than a little curiosity about spooks—something hot she said it was, the next day when I came around. I tried to pass it off with a joke, saying it was chilly, but it did not work. And I never did convince that dear lady that I was talking to a real ghost.

"Well, hello out there," something replied, "I'm sorry that I kept you waiting, but I had to test an extra strong round of steam; the current is heavy tonight, and we are having a hard time to keep ourselves together."

"My name's Spratt, your's please!" I answered.

"I'm Mr. Pat M'Phun; delighted to meet you, Spratt."

"Say," I added, "if you don't mind, explain yourself. Are you in the radiator sure enough?"

"I'm a thing," it replied, "a ghost of the Salamander species. My grandfather was an Irishman; I'm American born. Of course I'm in the radiator—spooks don't have winter clothing, and they have to keep warm some way."

"Tell me more about yourself, please," I put in.

"Well, there's not much to us. We expand and contract at pleasure. We are nearly all ears and voice, with 'a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair,' and also emerald eyes. We can use our eyes only in warm weather, when we do not have to stay in the steam pipes."

"What makes such a noise in there; are you hurt; can I be of assistance to you?"

"We can't get hurt very much. You see the steam is very strong; and that noise is our bones knocking and scraping against the pipes in our efforts to keep from being carried away by the gusts of steam. I sometimes wish we didn't have bones—they are so much in the way," it answered.

"I see my best girl's mother looking at me—I guess it would be best for me to sit down."

"Take your seat my son. I said 'boo-h!' to my wife's mother, and that's why I'm here now. Come to the Ozark room to-morrow at the fifth period, and I'll introduce you to my friends—so long, Spratt!"

I took my seat. My curiosity, which is superhuman, nearly womanly, was now satisfied as to the noise in the steam pipes; and so I slept the rest of the lecture. Nor did the subject of spooks rest heavily on my mind the remainder of that night, for on the morrow I was scheduled to go through that delightful performance called "four straights."

The next day, at the fifth period, having ended the "continuous show" with a very cold lunch—a few scraps in my basket by some kind friend—I wended my way, three steps at a time, to the *Ozark* room. Hearing no ghost around, I sort of spread myself on the table, and waited for something to turn up. Soon out in the hall, I heard the familiar scrape of ghost-bones come along a pipe, then turn into my radiator, and stop. I kicked on the table and said: "Is that you, Pat M'Phun?"

"S-u-r-e it's P-a-t," the something sighed.

"Why do you sigh, Pat," I replied. "Are you in love with some fair spookess?"

"Well not on my emerald eyes! I've just had the pleasure of listening to the lonely voices of a love-sick twain of preplets, up on the fourth floor. By the way, our whole conclave of spirits will be up here in a little while to meet you; I hear some of them coming now. There are so many I can't give names. They'll pass through this radiator; and you may consider it a formal introduction."

Scarcely had he finished speaking before the noise of scraping bones, of thuds and clanks started up all over the third floor, and came rushing through my radiator. Then M'Phun called out: "Allow me to present to you, my dear Spratt, the Salamander ghosts!" The din increased to a loud grumbling; and the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling; and down through the pipes the ghosts came tumbling. Mighty sprites, small ghosts, thin ghouls, fatty spooks, green sprites, yellow ghosts, bloomer spirits, ratty spooks, fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, brothers, sisters, aunts, wives, spooks and spookesses, as if for their lives, came rushing through the radiator to greet me. At last the mighty rumbling died to a grumbling; and the faint grumbling ended in a distant clank; I drew in a deep breath, and it was all over.

From that time I have been the special ward of these ghosts; and they have protected me in all danger whatsoever. They know all my secrets, and keep none of their own from me. Not only in winter, when they are in the steam pipes, do I converse with them; but also during the warm months, in quiet nooks and corners, I have many a friendly chat, face to face with them. Their home is the steam pipes, which are very convenient to them for traveling around the 'varsity unobserved by the plebian eyes of professors. Having access to every

room in the building, they hear all the private conversation that is carried on, both by students and by professors; and they never fail to attend a meeting of the faculty. They tell me everything of importance that comes to their ears; thus I am the best informed man in school. I know the private history, likes, and dislikes of all my professors; hence I am able to "work" them for anything I desire, a fact at which not only the students, but also the very professors themselves, wonder. Economics appeals to me because the long rows of steam pipes in that lecture room are, so to speak, a kind of cross-road store and postoffice to which all the spooks resort, for every ghost of them is a dead gossip.

Life is too short to tell you more about my dear friends. I have tested severely the friendship of these spooks and spookesses, and it has never wavered. Always have they shown themselves to be accommodating, kind hearted and true friends. Whenever the Discipline or Doubtful Case Committee talks of calling me into their austere presence, my friends warn me; and thus I have time to get very ill when I had to serve out a sentence in Prep Hall, these, of all my friends, consoled me. When I poured ink in a certain chair, and the dignified major ruined a new, white duck uniform thereby, it was Pat M'Phun who came to my rescue. Thus have they conducted themselves during the last three years of my school life; and so it is both a pleasure and a duty for me to recommend their steadfast friendship to all home-sick students. Especially do I recommend the companionship of my dear M'Phun to the maltreated delinquent. For M'Phun is the undertaker and embalmer of this tribe of Salamander spooks; and, therefore, he has an abundance of time and of compassion, and he can lament an æon or two with this unfortunate in his many sad afflictions.

Envoy.

When the last exam. is over and his college life has been weighed in the balance and found not wanting, when this knight begins his rough and weary ride into the West, into the land of the greedy seekers after gold, he will not gallop over the moat of the dear old castle, impatient to enter the lists of active life for a golden trophy. No, he will ride slowly away with a heavy heart, rejoicing not in his newly wrought armor as it gloriously repels the silver darts of the sun just struggling over the eastern hill. And, at the foot of the slope with its winding walks and well-kept shrubs, the dearest of dear memories overpowering him, he will take one more sad look at that massive castle with its two tall towers, half buried in the green of those sacred oaks shimmering in the silvern light of the early morning, and again he will sigh for the steam pipe ghosts he left behind him.

Making A Man of Him

ACK MORLEIGH'S career at the preparatory school he attended was, like that of many another careless, happy-go-lucky young fellow not highly satisfactory to his father, who had serious misgivings about sending his son to college. He knew that there is a well-nigh unlimited number of ways in which a college youth may spend his time in an exceedingly pleasant manner; and moreover that if his son found preparatory studies distasteful, collegiate ones would be scarcely more to his liking. These things, as I have said, caused him to hesitate, and so he went for advice to his brother John, a favorite uncle of Jack's.

"I'll tell you what I think about it," said Uncle John Morleigh, "you must offer him some reward for success, rather than punishment for failure. You have seen that threats have been of no avail, and the only resource now left is to appeal to his ambition. I know that the boy has it in him to make his mark, and I am sure that such a course as I have outlined will make a man of him. He has decided, you know, that he wishes to become a lawyer. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If he will carry off the honors at college, I will make him a partner in my law office. That ought to be something worth working for. I would not make such rigid conditions if I were not sure that Jack can fulfill them if he will. And if he studies hard for the next four years the habit will be so engendered in him that he will keep it up all through his life."

The father agreed to the proposition, and the matter was broached to Jack. Somewhat to the surprise of the two schemers, he gladly accepted the terms, saying that, on the whole, he was rather ashamed of his previous record, and wanted an opportunity of redeeming it. Whereupon the old gentleman shook the youngster's hand enthusiastically, and Jack's father immediately made a handsome addition to his allowance, not thinking of the danger that might be involved in so doing.

The class which Morleigh entered as a freshman proved to be an unusually brilliant one, and in the years that followed he had much ado to hold his own. But a combination of intellect and closeness of application such as he brought to bear on his work, is difficult to excel; and the result was that in his senior year he had but one rival, a girl named Mary Smithson. In an ordinary class he would have had none at all, but this was an exceptional one, and Mary Smithson was an exceptional student.

In those days a valedictory was more highly prized and more sought after than now. So, naturally, when it became evident that the race would be a close one between the two, they both worked all the harder. Jack went out in society scarcely at all, so that his friends came to dub him "the Recluse;" and Mary is known to have caused a mild sensation among those who knew her, by appearing at a play near the middle of the week.

When the first term examinations were over, Jack awaited the result with considerable anxiety, for the grades made at this time would determine who should win. Now it happened that the professor, whose duty it was to record the grades, asked Jack one day to assist him in his work, and Jack eagerly embraced the opportunity of doing so, in order that he might find out all the sooner whether the victory was to be his.

The system of recording grades in use at that time was the same as at present, the student making the greatest number of hours "E," getting the honors. After the senior grades had all been recorded, Jack took his own record card and footed up the total number of hours E; then he did the same with Mary Smithson's, and found to his great joy that he had two hours more than she. But something seemed to be wrong. The total number of hours work on his card was three more than he thought it ought to be. He checked his previous addition, finding no error. Trying to think wherein could lie the discrepancy, he stared fixedly at his card, when suddenly there flashed before his eyes the record, for both terms, "History 8, 3 hours E." And this was a course he had never taken! In recording the grades, someone had evidently given him a credit that did not belong to him. But his further consideration of the matter was cut short by the voice of the professor telling the workers that it was time to put away the record cards and quit for the day.

At first it did not occur to Jack to do otherwise than report his discovery and have the error righted; but soon came the inevitable temptation. Why, indeed, should he tell it? If it were merely a question of graduating with the honors, he would, without the least hesitation, have the mistake corrected; but it involved for him much more than that—it meant the gaining or the losing of an extraordinarily good opportunity for a start in life. He did not care for the valedictory, he told himself, but only for the privilege of taking advantage of his uncle's offer; and to gain this he had only to hold his peace. Mary Smithson would of course be somewhat disappointed, but after all she would lose nothing that would possibly be of any value to her in after life—the knowledge she had gained in college would be none the less hers to keep and use; but if he himself should fail to get the honors, he would lose also an inestimable advantage in preparing himself to follow his chosen profession. This she had no right to keep from him, he thought; and gradually she became transformed in his mind from the pretty, gentle girl she was into a personification of grim Fate, keeping from him his just dues. He reasoned that it could not

be right for a man to lose such a chance as was offered him merely because he had made only forty-seven hours E instead of forty-nine. No one with a rational mind would contend that there was any virtue in making that odd two hours. So by such arguments he soon convinced himself that it was right for him to keep silence, and succeeded in quieting whatever uneasiness of conscience he may have had. Within a few days it was announced that he had won the valedictory. He received the congratulations of his friends as his due, and even when Mary Smithson appeared his countenance was unabashed.

"I'm truly glad you've won," she said, "I always believed you would."

Her grey eyes showed the sincerity of her words. Somehow he could not help looking at those eyes. They were beautiful eyes, and he could not remember having ever seen them before. Strange it is how trifling are the incidents that change the courses of our lives. As Jack Morleigh gazed into the depths of Mary Smithson's eyes, he knew that another miracle had come to pass, for in them he had seen that which afterwards almost made his heart stand still as he thought of it. How sweet she was! How graceful, how pretty, how lovely! And what a fool he had been not to have known it long before. He recalled how little he had ever been with her, he had neglected her acquaintance, and then mentally berated himself for his idiotic blindness. Yet he knew in his heart of hearts that all that he had seen of her the preceding years, little though it may have been, was but a preparation for this. It was not the thing itself that surprised him, but only the suddenness of it all.

For a time there was joy in his heart and all the world took on a new beauty; and there was room in his thoughts only for her and his love for her. But soon came the inevitable reaction — he remembered what he had done, and the full consciousness of the enormity of it all came home to him. The whole aspect of the case was changed. No longer could he find any arguments to justify his course; the sophistry of his previous reasoning stood out with clear-cut distinctness. He saw how little and mean had been his action, and how she would scorn him if she knew. What could he do, he asked himself. He could not, with the consciousness of his guilt on his mind, remain where he would see Mary Smithson every day; nor could he bear to remain and confess what he had done. No, there was only one thing that he could do; he would tell her about the whole miserable busines, and then go far away—home, perhaps. This decided, it was the work of only a few hours to pack his trunk and prepare to leave town; and that evening, before train-time, he went to see Mary Smithson.

"I've come to tell you good-by," he said, as he went in. He tried to speak gaily, but there was only sadness in his voice.

"Oh, you're not going away!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter?"

"I'm going for a reason similar to that which impels an official whose accounts are short to seek a more congenial climate."

And then he told her of the whole affair, concealing nothing and palliating nothing. When he had finished she said:

"I don't consider that any reason for going away. You did wrong, of course, in not telling of the mistake on your card; but under the circumstances it was a perfectly natural thing to do. Why, you have only to tell them that you have found an error, and it will be immediately corrected."

"But you don't understand. I suppose I shall have to tell you, and then I will go. It is because I love you better than all else in the world. I know you will despise me for what I have done, and I cannot bear to remain."

She turned away as he spoke, so that he could not see her face, and stood thus for a long time. He was about to construe this into a dismissal, when she said in a voice so low he could scarcely hear it:

"Oh, Jack, you must not—you must not go."

He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

"Is it possible?" he said slowly.

She turned and looked at him, and he saw that in her eyes there was no reproach for his misdeed; but instead there were tears, and what could he do but take her in his arms and comfort her?

GREAT SCOTT

HE WAS the most awkward appearing fellow I ever saw. He was six feet and a quarter tall, and had arms like a gorilla and feet like tennis rackets. Though he weighed nearly two hundred pounds, his great height made him look lanky, and his long limbs had a disjointed appearance that rendered him positively comical. His full name, as written on the matriculation book, was John Thomas Scott, but we all called him "Great Scott," though just how and when he got the name no one knew. Great Scott's dress accorded perfectly with his physique. He wore a dirty-brown coat, which hung loosely over his frame, and checked trousers, which reached his shoes below, but which failed to connect so well with the vest above. As a result, an inch or two of striped negligee shirt bulged out all around, like an inflated girdle. But "Great's" clothes were always well brushed, and his heavy shoes polished; and the zone of striped shirt was usually concealed by the closely-buttoned brown coat. For he was extremely sensitive about his personal appearance, and only a lack of capital and taste caused him to dress so grotesquely.

John Scott became my friend in a most peculiar manner. He was in my awkward squad, and by his nervousness and clumsiness kept back the rest of the squad, and made me lose my temper—my sweet, even temper—more than once. One afternoon, after having been especially obtuse, he came to me after drill, saluted in his own inimitable way, and said,

"Captain, I'm—I'm sorry I couldn't do better this evening."

"That's all right," I said gruffly.

"You see—you see, I'm just so clumsy I couldn't help making breaks. My folks used to call me Jenny, because we had a crippled duck by that name that used to fall down about every other step."

He laughed nervously, but I was too moody to laugh. Things had been going wrong with me for several days. I had been soliciting subscriptions for the foot ball team and had met with poor success. Professors had put me off until "to-morrow," and students had pleaded lack of funds, so the list showed a pitifully small sum. Then, too, I had heard that the faculty had decided to refuse to encourage the college magazine that year, and to use the funds from the lecture course in paying for scientific monthlies. A feeling of depression had come over

me and would not depart. I was thoroughly convinced of the innate sefishness and hypocrisy of all human kind, myself included. Even my college spirit, of which I had been so egotistically proud, now seemed the veriest self-ishness. Had not a desire for my own popularity and fame, and an ability to look back, in the future, on a victorious and renowned *alma mater*, been the chief source of that spirit? I was disgusted with myself, with the 'Varsity, with life itself, and the conduct of the squad had not improved my feelings any. So I merely looked coldly at Scott and waited for him to go on. After a minute he did so.

"I am awfully ashamed of my clumsiness and ugliness and bad appearance, but it seems I just can't help it. I am going to try to do better, and I know all the boys would be glad if I could get over my clumsiness and bashfulness, for I know it must make them feel bad to see me act the fool all the time."

I almost gasped! Here was freshness with a vengeance! And such confidence in the charity of human nature! If he only knew what "the boys" really thought and said, and how they enjoyed his blunders and outlandish appearance! I still did not speak and he became more nervous. He stood on one foot and rammed his hands deep in his pockets, then put them behind his back, and finally dropped them stiffly by his side. Then he spoke again.

"I thought that you—that is, I hoped maybe you would—would kind o' help me," he said. "That is, watch me and tell me when I act awkward, or say wrong things, or dress wrong. Still, I couldn't change my dress much, for I haven't got many clothes."

By this time I was feeling uncomfortable. Of course, it must have been that I felt flattered, that my confounded vanity had been given another lift by his showing such confidence in me—anyway, I felt more kindly towards the big baby Freshman than I had ever done before. As a result, I promised to help him, and he thanked me so warmly that I felt ashamed of having laughed at him.

But it was no use trying to cure him of his faults. He grew more and more bashful and self-conscious every day, and as a result, did things more and more ludicrous. If he started across a room in which there were any girls, he was sure to get his feet tangled and stumble; if he tried to tip his hat to a lady, he was more than likely to knock it off upon the ground; and once, when he offered his arm to Miss Brathen, who is rather short, he struck her on the chin with his elbow.

And now, this John Scott, with all his bashfulness, uncouthness and illfitting clothes, had the temerity to fall madly in love with Lutie George, the belle of the University. But he realized the hopelessness of his love, and revealed it only to me, whom he now regarded as his best friend. He went about his work with the same quiet, determined air as before, but his fits of despondency, his pale face, and the manner in which he would

stand and gaze at Miss George when he thought he was unobserved, revealed to me the strength of his passion.

But I never knew how entirely it possessed him until the day of the great foot ball game with Dalefield College. Everybody remembers that game and knows that at the end of the first half the score stood six to five in our favor, Dalefield having failed to kick her goal. Black, the captain of the team, made his way to Miss George's side. Scott and I stood near her, as a result of his skillful generalship, and heard Black say,

"Close game, ain't it?"

"Yes, and it's grand. Oh, you must hold them next half, Mr. Black. You must not let them score."

"We will do our best. We will try to hold them."

"Oh, you must do more than that. You must succeed."

"Well, we will succeed, then."

"Oh, now you talk like a hero. If you will only beat them, Mr. Black, I'll always think you a hero, and will weave you a garland of—of—"

"Chrysanthemums?" he said, looking longingly at those she wore. "Give me one now as an earnest of the great reward. It will inspire me in the play."

I looked at Scott. His face was white and set, and his eyes gleaming. "A hero," I heard him mutter between his teeth. I knew he was longing to get out on the gridiron and to risk his life for the sake of hearing that one little word addressed to him by her. But Great Scott was no foot ball player. He had tried for the team and had failed, failed miserably. He was entirely too slow and too awkward. His great physical strength would not atone for these deficiencies, so he was not one of the eleven.

The second half was now being played, and Black was nobly keeping his promise. He played like a very fiend, and encouraged the men, and managed them so skillfully that Dalefield could not get dangerously near our goal, even though they were supposed to have much the stronger team.

At last by a series of desperate line attacks, they got the ball to our twenty-five yard line. There was only one minute to play and we Cardinal-wearers were jubilant. The game was won. But all at once Dalefield executed a trick play. A false line buck was made. Everybody was deceived, and the whole team ran in to help hold the line against another of those terrific assaults. And the quarter-back slipped out of the scrimmage and was entirely out of reach before Black saw how he had been tricked. A bitter oath escaped his lips and he started in pursuit, even though he must have known how fruitless it would be.

The crowd had broken past the guards, and was lined up at the edge of the gridiron. Scott and I were in its van, and were standing on the very side-lines, about fifteen yards from the goal-line. The Dalefield quarter

came speeding toward us with the ball held closely under his arm. Before I could stop him,—before I could realize what was happening, Scott sprang out in front of the man. The runner paused slightly, his hand shot out, not open, but tightly closed, and caught Scott full in the face. He staggered and fell but as he went down he caught the legs of the quarter-back, and pulled him down too. Instantly, there was a terrific uproar. Men shouted and swore, women screamed, and both teams, coming up at a run, piled upon the struggling men.

When the writhing heap was finally disintregated, Scott was found to have been kicked and pounded into unconsciousness. No pity was wasted on him. "Served him right, tho meddling fool," seemed to be the consensus of opinion. I succeeded in getting help to remove him from the field, and had him carried to his room. Then my selfish curiosity got the better of me, and I returned to the field. The squabble was just being ended.

Captain Black was very sorry. Would rather have lost the game than have it happen, but surely Captain Rivers would not blame him for what a drunken spectator had done?

No, Captain Rivers did not blame Captain Black in the least, but he had virtually won the game, and it belonged to him by all the laws of right and justice.

Here Captain Black begged to differ with his friend. The quarter-back would certainly have been caught and tackled, even if the drunken man had not interfered, and he wasn't going to give away a game that he had a chance to win.

The referee decided that Dalefield should have the ball and ten yards, and that time should be taken out for the preceding play. So there was still one minute to play, and the ball was on our five yard line. But now they had just as well have run against the side of the old 'Varsity hall as against our line, and time was called with the ball on our four yard line. I can hear that old yell yet.

Black made his way to Miss George's side again, and as I passed near them, I saw him looking eagerly into her face, and saw a suspiciously tender look in her eyes. I thought of Great Scott and sighed.

Slowly I mounted the stairs leading to my friend's room, softly I pushed open the door and went in. There was no one with him. He lay on the bed, moaning in pain and delirium. I placed my hand on his forehead and spoke to him. He moaned slightly and began to talk.

"What," he cried, "teach me to dance? Make me graceful? Ha, ha, ha! You don't know how awkward I am. Why, they call me Jenny, after a lame duck. Ha, ha, ha! Ah-h-h. New clothes, —— stylish clothes Now maybe I can be at ease. Ha, ha, clothes, make the man, after all. See how graceful I am now. Hero, did you say, Miss George? No, no, not a hero, but a lover. Didn't you know I loved you? Yes, yes, I thought you did; I thought so.

I bit my lip hard, as my eyes felt rather weak and misty. There sat a confounded chair in my way. I don't know what I said, as I kicked it across the room, but I know the act lessened the lump in my throat, and modified the rebellious feeling in my heart.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

19.—Students arrive. Fall in! John Vandyke Furtrall wears an imported beard. Disguise complete. His own son fails to recognize him!

20.—W. A. Crawford matriculates. Advised by seniors to purchase green cap.

21.—George Prall elected President of Mathetian. Says he had rather be president than be right.

22.—Rushing begins. Battle of the Billy Goats.

24.—Digging begins. Seniors and Juniors forbidden behind the railing. Hold indignation meeting.

25.—C. W. Weems visits a friend. Says, "I want to Askew a question."

26.—Miss Holman arrives from Texas. Says she prefers an Arkansas wood to a Texas prairie.

27.—Keeler of "Noo Yark" gets acquainted in "these pairts." Says we differ from the people "to home."

28.—Mathetians entertain. Boys plentiful but escorts scarce.

29.—Drennon Scott indulges in love's young dream.

30.—Σ A E's make their mark.

OCTOBER

1.—Prof. Pickel sings a fencing ballad.

2.—McRae goes serenading. Sees an angel.

3.—Baxter Ware grows fonder than ever of Olives.

4.—Carl Smith smiles at a girl. Drennon Scott decides to study.

6.—Horton Lake starts a Kandy Kitchen. Nix busts.

7.—W. A. Crawford reported for Vio. Reg. 50. Hello, Bill!

8.—Will Clancy meets Miss Alexander.

9.—Birdie Cook goes driving with Mr. Bell. Victor Hugo looked *Les Miserables*.

10.—Oxy-Hydrogen explosion in Chem. I class. Miss Melton moved to tears.

11.—Captain Spencer arrives. Company attention!

12. Baxter Ware gives a Box Party at midnight. Whole buckets full of fun.

13.—Σ A E's possum hunt. Chapman gets lost.

14.—Josh Billings makes goo-goo eyes.

15.—Olives turn against Mr. Ware. B. Ware of Olives!

16.—K. A. hay-ride. What a honey moon!

17.—Prof. Pickel takes Miss Dupree home from prayer meeting.

19.—Drill begins. Baxter sticks out his chest.

20.—U. of A. versus Webb City. Score 15-0.

22.—Choir sings a new song. "Lift up your heads."

23.—Horton Lake goes trapping.

25.—Clancy thinks Alexander is Great.

16.—Sentimental Tommie raves over a certain Lake.

27.—Dr. McLean serves notice on Vincenheller not to appear at class again in sweater.

28.—Sub Freshmen entertain themselves. Class President in great danger of being kidnapped. Numerous uninvited friends.

31.—Henderson and Baxter try to study with their heads and feet behind the railing. Find it uncomfortable.

NOVEMBER

1.—Prof. Pickel changes his route to town for fear people will think he is trying to make goo-goo eyes on cornor of Dixon and Block Sts. Election bets.

3.—U. of A. vs. Joplin. Score 6 to 6.

4.—Election Day.

6.—Mr. Reichardt believes everything a young lady tells him. Sweet innocence. Jean Cook goes to town to spend the day.

7.—Miss Pace begs Mr. Triplett to call on Miss Holman.

8.—He calls. 'Tis the last time.

9.—U. of A. vs. Pierce City. Score 10 to 0.

11.—Prof. lectures on a star. 'Tis distance lends enchantment.

12.—Dr. Searles meets his classes.

13.—Election bets paid. Ramsey kisses the cow. The gentle creature blushes and faints. Duck Mundt appears in white trousers. Thermometer below 0. Offers to compromise.

15.—Herrmann the Magician discovers a rabbit in Dr. Menke's pocket. Later on same rabbit bobs up serenely in the Library.

17.—Spendthrift Dan squanders 3 cents—two sticks of candy and the rest in peanuts.

10.—Rob Bell discovers a strong facial resemblance between himself and Oom Paul Kruger.

20.—Hervey Ross has the jim-jams.

21.—Marie Smith wears a long skirt to school. Howell stuck for Reg. 50.

22.—Henry Baldwin gets his hair cut. Hugh Hill uses Roseline.

23.—Prof. Droke discovers a new plane figure, a quadrilateral that is a pentagon.

26.—Band boys go to Little Rock.

27.—Σ A E banquet. Dr. Menke in his glory.

28.—Turkey day. Recess.

DECEMBER

1.—Chi Omega Kaffa Klatsch.

2.—Ashton Vincenheller looks sad. Why?

3.—Minnie Bell Smith receives box of candy.

4.—Seniors decide against overalls and sunbonnets. Ed. McAlester dances in Math. class. He now occupies a reserved seat in the front row.

5.—Mouse creates a disturbance in Library. Miss Pace says "Scat." Dr. Reed lectures on slang.

6.—Abner McGehee is refused seven times for the same dance.

8.—Mr. Keeler is asked to illustrate his thoughts with pictures. (He speaks a rich brogue.)

9.—Wade Ranch gets to school 4:30 A. M.

10.—Fred Brown decides that a certain lady can "keep her little daughter."

11.—George Prall organizes a leap frog team behind the college.

12.—Bob Taylor lectures. A. V. brings M. E. A.

13.—Pat McConnel proposes to a certain young lady in this way: "If you love me 100%, I'll give you back 66⅔%."

14.—Band Concert. (Cotties' Band.)

15—Olive Gatling seen with long skirt on, not recognized.

16.—Pony bucks and throws Triplett. Mr. Ash visits the University. (?)

17.—Chas. Triplett gets an interlinear speckled pony. Rides with perfect ease.

18.—Ex-commandant visits the University. Miss Bibb breaks a few dates.

19.—Choir sings a familiar song. Dr. Buchanan reads Psalm XCVIII.

20.—Buchanan Hall entertains. Prof. Droke changes his mind about the boys. K A anniversary banquet.

21.—Holidays begin. Hurrah for Xmas!

JANUARY

1.—Resolutions and calls. Prof. Shannon resolves that, nature consenting, he will raise a beard.

3.—Holidays end. Dr. Buchanan gives his first talk on exams. Order excellent.

4.—Ramsey reading Horace wants to know if a flock of elephants can swim. Prof. Pickel says yes. Barton and Wasson present Mathetians with a new lock. They are naturally honest.

5.—De Matt Henderson says he likes "sentimental girls." Steam escapes on third floor. Chief Pickel organizes fire company out of Bio. 2 class and goes to rescue.

6.—Fritz shocks the co-eds by using some choice French epithets—force of habit.

7.—Another box of candy for Miss Smith.

8.—Herbert Buchanan answers a Greek question in Latin 3 class. Prof. Shannon feels his efforts repaid.

9.—Mr. Percy Meyers changes his occupation from hunting to star-gazing.

10.—Prof. Droke and Knott seen walking corridors together. Exams. are coming.

11.—Schedule of Exams. posted. Everyone looks delighted.

11-25.—Cramming.

12.—Billings fights duel over Miss ——. Point of sword broken on his face. 8 p. m. Prof. Knoch entertains C. E. Students.

14.—Picture taking in order. Roses beautiful.

15.—Drennon Scott seen studying. Spectators fear the result.

16.—Battalion review and parade. Memorable to first sergeants.

17. Worthley seen in Library with sober face. Wasson in Eng. 5 is unable to remember the meaning of Alfred.

18.—Marie Smith and Rupert Taylor fail to meet in Library to study Greek. Psychology class petition to get out of exams. Dr. Jordan shows them by a quiz what bright eights they are.

21.—Miss Holman entertains Library with a Greek song. Dr. McLean forgets his grip.

22.—Carl Sadler stays awake during an entire recitation.

23. McCrae buys bottles of hair-dressing, the chief ingredient proves to be rubifoam.

25-31.—Reign of Terror. Pony riding en vogue.

28.—Wasson hears from his Latin, grades E. Writes an "Ode to Smart."

FEBRUARY

2.—End of exams. Σ A E remembers X Ω.

3.—Good attendance at church. Tommie Sanders goes calling for a change.

4.—New Term begins. Dr. Lewis says "gobble up" is his favorite expression. Class panic stricken.

5.—Visiting young lady gets Mr. Cottie and Mr. Reichardt mixed up. Choir plays out.

6.—Josh Billings abandons Paderewskian style of hair dressing and comes to class with a well combed pate.

7.—B. F. Davis says woman suffrage would be an uncertain thing. He has doubtless had experience lately.

8.—Chem. I grades (?) posted. Miss Wiley, B.

9.—Legislature committee attends the chapel. Speeches galore. P. M. Raining hard. Miss Alexander goes out to view the stars.

10.—Thieves in Chem. Lab. Class gets out and turns detectives.

11.—Dr. Buchanan late to chapel. A search warrant issued.

13.—Miss Suton meets a legislator; an old friend?

14.—K A's invoke the music. Will Clancy sends a valentine.

15.—Gala day; holiday. State Legislature visits University. 8 p. m. Delta Phi Reception. Lost—a heart. Sam Mitchell thinks he must live up to his motto. Begins operations at once.

18.—Dig again. Abner McGehee, cheap shaves.

19.—Clancy decides that Alexander is not so great after all. 8 p. m. Alf Taylor lectures.

20.—Miss Webster dreams of Louisville.

22.—German given by K Σ

24-30.—Greek and Latin students enjoy life. No. recitations.

25.—Librarian finds a flask in cloak pocket. Culprit (?) still at large.

28.—Prof. Droke president pro. tem. "March section out."

MARCH

1.—Garland-Mathetian entertainment. Barton an expert love-maker and Ross speaks French like a native.

2.—Miss Holman and Scott Wood left in kitchen to watch fudge. Fudge runs over the floor.

3.—Hazel Yates and Emma Brown seen parading corridor together.

4.—Lecture by Luther Manship. Miss Louise Lake and Abner McGehee attend. Carl Ramsay growing. Breaks down his seat.

5.—Mort Herron describes the sensation of love. He is very truthful.

6.—Von Jägersfeldt; beefsteak for supper, 25 cts.

7.—Miss Gatling dreams that Miss Smith is a goose, wakes up and finds it so.

8.—Lecture by Mr. Hedrick. Holt goes to see a certain young lady. Falls into the cut; reason not disclosed.

9.—Σ A E's celebrate some unknown occasion in some unknown way.

11.—Tyrolean Concert. Baxter hands the performers a note which cannot be interpreted.

12.—Josie weeps over Greek lesson. Ethel weeps for sympathy.

13.—Fay Webster distinguishes himself by falling gracefully down stairs.

14.—Carl Sadler sings "When the Springtime comes, Gentle Annie."

15.—Musical concert. One Freshman young lady still continues to like Chapel. Prof. Pickel lectures.

16.—Elliot Berry and *Mustache* visit U. of A. Ed. Howell goes to see a girl; leaves gate open; cows get in.

18.—Ed Howell in great distress. Dr. Read discovers *a jar* in Anglo Saxon.

19.—Dr. Menke has smallpox. Chemistry class disinfects with onions. Harry Brown is getting rid of his bashfulness.

20.—Chas. Connellee wants to swap his collection of girls' photos with Miss —— for "just one picture of her."

21.—Josh Billings toasts a visiting young lady as follows: "She has made me happy."

21.——Recital by Musical Department. Sue Quesenburg Hides Jim's picture behind another one.

23.—Johnson Chapman says he is broke, hasn't "a Sue."

24.—Chas. Connellee goes to Sunday School.

25.—Garfield Stubblefield joins fourth floor club. Prall and Honnet, dancing masters.

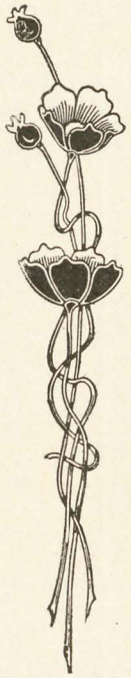
26--Boys get hair cut. Girls wear theirs parted in middle.

27.—A Bell Chimes on the Hill to the tune of "Rob-in Adair."

18.—Miss E–M–l–n joines Mathetian. Heber McLaughlin's name was presented also. For another reason Bob Bell contemplates joining.

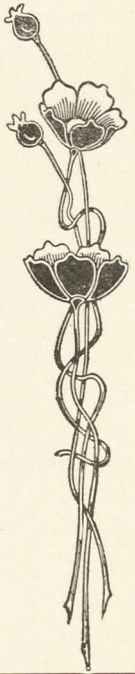
29.—Calendar editors want to say more but Ed-in Chief forbids.

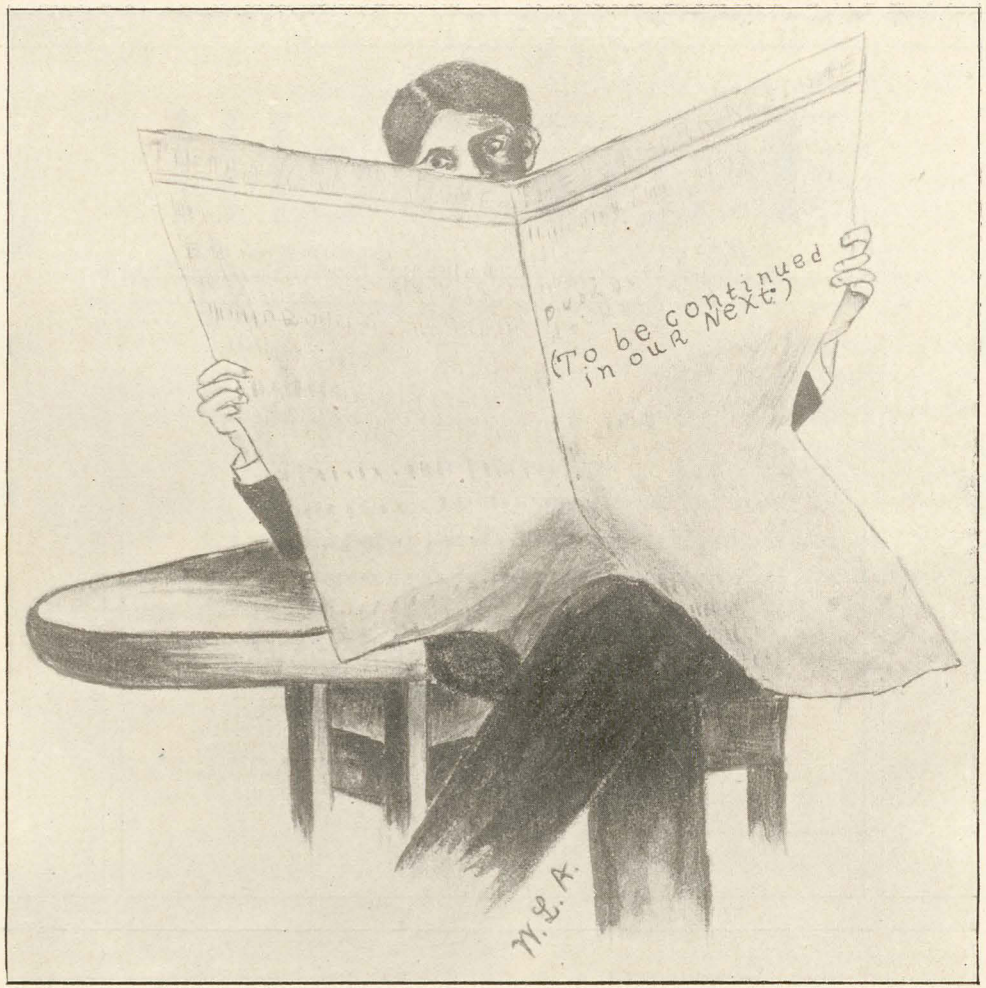
Farewell!



IF perchance, dear readers, "members of the faculty and students especially," we have seen fit "to cut, saw or grind you a little" in the course of our book, do not become angry but laugh it off good heartedly—for it was all meant in fun.

With our best wishes for the prosperity of the succeeding editors and hoping that their term of office will be as pleasant and as instructive as ours has been we now bid you—FAREWELL




(To be continued in our Next.)
W. L. A.

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WE hope you have enjoyed looking over the preceding pages of your annual and are not disappointed in this, the fourth, issue of the "CARDINAL." But do not cast your book aside yet. The following pages contain the Ads. of the business men of the city, who are the true friends of the University. Read what they have to say and when in need of anything in their line it is your duty to call upon them, for without their assistance this issue of the "CARDINAL" would not have been practicable. ::: ::: ::: ::: ::: ::: :::

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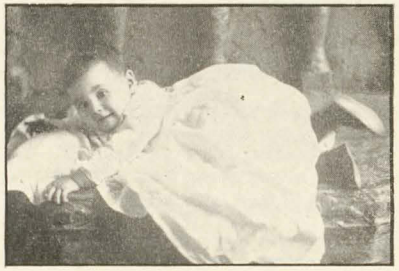

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As the shadows pass slowly by,
And my hazy brain is teaming
While my eyes with tears are gleaming
That we must part.

Oh! dear Alma Mater and ever dear
To those who have trod your loved hall,
Where Friendship and Joy drive out all care,
And harmless pleasures bring never a tear,
And Knowledge is king.

A look in the future and how my pulses thrill,
With the vision that floats from the mists,
When I see thee rest there on thy queenly hill
And over our Southland hold sway and distill
Thy wisdom and grace.

Oh! dear Alma Mater always we will yearn
For the friends that here we've found true;
Back fondly, so fondly our minds will turn
And ever, yes ever, our hearts will burn
With love for thee.

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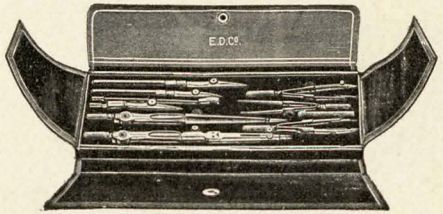

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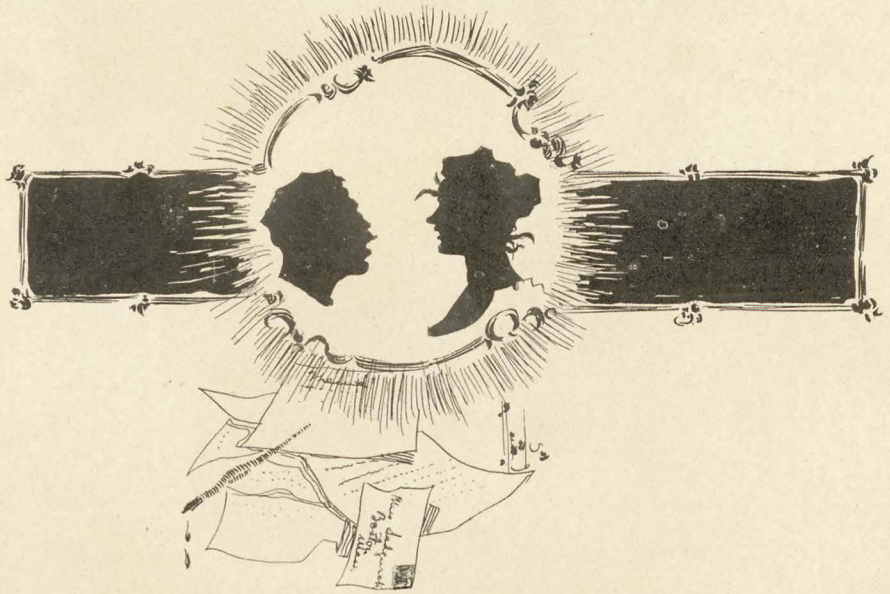

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